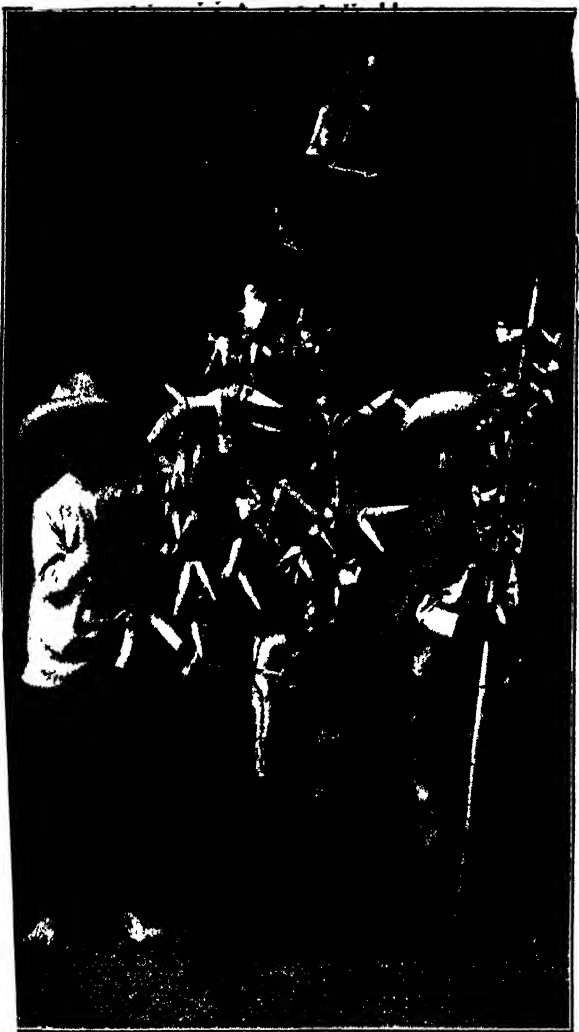


CHILD LIFE IN MANY LANDS



MEXICAN TOY SELLERS (page 65)

CHILD LIFE IN MANY LANDS

EDITED BY
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-INTRODUCTION

WE are accustomed to say that a great work done by Jesus Christ was the raising of woman from a subordinate position to an elevated one. And we say truly, for Jesus Christ raised woman as He raised man. Yet Jesus Christ did more in elevating children relatively than in raising woman or man to the God-designed place for them. Long centuries before the coming of Christ into this world, women had at times occupied the highest positions aspired to by men as prophets, as psalmists, as military leader, as priest, or as sovereign,—this in Egypt, in Abyssinia, in Arabia, in Chaldea, in Tyre, and in India. And thus it always has been.

But the most surprising and the most beneficial reversal made by Jesus Christ in the sphere of social estimates and order was in the place he gave to childhood as compared with the place assigned by the world to children. Until that time it had been at the best the habit to say of a child, "If, when he grows up, he does as well as a true man, then there is a place for him; but now he is a mere child of no special importance." Jesus, on the other hand, said that the child-standard was the most elevated. If a true man, even a

favoured apostle, was like a child, and made a child his pattern, there was hope of him. To care for a child and to be childlike was an indication of Christlikeness.

How hard it was for the apostles to accept this truth! How persistent has been the world in adhering to the old error which Jesus rebuked, and which He sought to overcome! To this day there is no surer indication of the measure of true Christianity in a community, small or large, than the place given to childhood, and the care devoted to ministry to children. This is true in what are called Christian lands, and in non-Christian lands. Hence the value of the study of child life in many lands, as showing the progress of true evangelisation of the world, and of the work yet remaining to be done in that line.

It was nearly half a century ago that my attention was called to this great truth by a remarkable illustration of a single phase of its application in different lands. My brother-in-law, Dr. William C. Prime, travelled in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. Among the many things which he noted, nothing impressed me more than the statement that he never heard the voice of a child in song outside of a Christian land. He had heard children sung to, or crooned over, by mothers or nurses, as a means of quieting them; but he had never heard a child in a non-Christian land sing as if in enjoyment or in praise. Rarely, indeed, did he find children giving signs

of enjoyment as the conscious objects of love and tenderness. What a testimony was this as to the neglect by the greater part of the world of the portion that is most important! Yet this included the land where Jesus taught, and where He emphasised the importance of caring for children.

Some years after his first visit to the East, Dr. Prime again visited the countries where he had made these sad observations. And now there was a delightful change. The singing of Sunday-school hymns, introduced by Christian missionaries, had made glad the hearts of children near and far, and heaven and earth rejoiced that children had learned something to give them joy, and were glad to voice it in songs of praise. Yet later I made personal observations in this line in the four quarters of the globe, and was anew impressed by the truth I had been taught before.

The swaddling-bands by which new-born babes were encased and bound down in the days of the Holy Child in Bethlehem, and the equivalent of which are still used to repress the movements of the little ones in China, and among Ojibwas, Apaches, and Sioux, on our western American borders, illustrate the estimate of childhood from which mankind is being slowly emancipated through Christ's teaching.

Familiarity with child life in many lands will teach us more lessons than we imagine when entering upon the study. The sketches here

gathered are not secured for the purpose of proving any particular phase of truth. They are simply obtained from various competent and trustworthy sources in order that we may see as they are in the different lands the little ones whom Christ loves and whom He sets before us as our example and as our charge. Children are here shown, not as Christ would have them treated, but as man treats them twenty centuries after Christ gave His teachings about them. Some progress has been made since then, and for that we can be grateful; but how much yet remains to be accomplished!

H. CLAY TRUMBULL.

THE CHILDREN OF OUR IMMIGRANTS

By Margaret Monaghan Gibbons

BRUNNER'S PATCH was one of the oldest settlements in the coal regions. Its site was once "old man" Brunner's potato field or "truck patch," but when coal was discovered and the breaker built down by the creek the land became so much more valuable for building purposes than for truck, that the Patch was cut up into building lots and sold to the miners. The least desirable portion of the Patch was retained by the company, where scores of small, ugly houses, all exactly alike, sprang like mushrooms almost in a single night.

Joe McCarthy was the head of one of the oldest families in the Patch and he was going to the bad! It was a sad case, for there were five children. It was sadder because this same Joseph McCarthy was only nine years old. If you go to the bad at thirty-nine, the Patch believed, you may reform, but at nine the chances for reform are more slender. In Joe's case, there was no doubt, in anybody's mind, about his destination. But, when he should have reached the bad to which everyone said he was hurrying, what was

to become of the family, unless they too went to the bad? It is the middle rounds of the moral ladder which are so crowded as to make one's footing insecure; it is said that there is plenty of room at the top, and certainly there always seems to be room enough at the bottom, if one chooses to go to the bad.

His own family appreciated the distinction of having its head go to the bad. His noted, if frowsy, mother, enjoyed the enviable reputation of having "come through a lot." Some were real sorrows, some imaginary; but all were retailed to sympathetic hearers, when, conforming to the almost universal custom of the Patch, she went out, with shawl pinned over her head, as soon as she had breakfasted, to the back doors of the neighbours. At home the dishes were unwashed, but what difference did that make in a home where the table was always set?—if a table littered with soiled dishes and broken food could be called "set." All day the loaf of bread lay on the table, and when anyone grew hungry, why then was meal-time for that one, at least so long as there was a loaf from which to cut and molasses in the cup from which to spread.

This method of living saved a great many annoyances, such as undue trouble about coming to the table in a tidy condition. Some people, the McCarthys knew, made a great deal of just such trifles; but they cherished a supreme scorn for "sich fool notions." Still, everyone has his weak points, for the McCarthys were thought

very particular by their neighbours, the Zilinskys, because the McCarthys would only let the cat eat at the table with the children but drove the chickens away. On the other hand, there were the Palermos, who thought the Zilinskys were lofty, because, though they did not mind the chickens they almost always drove out of the kitchen the pet goat while the Palermos received the goat on terms of equality. The whole world is exclusive in its way.

But all the while that the Palermos and the Zilinskys and the McCarthys were settling social distinctions, and Mrs. McCarthy was gossiping with her neighbours in Brunner's Patch, and the four little McCarthy girls were growing up in their untidy neglected home, Joe McCarthy was, as has been said more than once, going straight to the bad. And what was there to save him from it?

In some homes he would have had, at his age, a nurse to dress him, to curl his hair, and to take him by the hand, and lead him around the square on the sunny side of the street for a nice little walk.

Not so in Joe's home. At a quarter of seven the boy would clutch a chunk of bread and molasses in one hand, and in the other his dinner pail, which contained another piece of bread and molasses, with the hollow lid full of cold tea, which his mother had put up for him the night before, that she might not have to get up early the next morning. Thus eating his breakfast,

as the asthmatic whistle of the colliery gave its seven hoarse blasts, Joe would go to his work in the big coal breaker. He was a slate picker in the colliery. Joe was not the only wage-earner in the building whose legs were so short that his dinner pail dragged on the snow as he went to his work.

Of course it wasn't doing right, as his mother herself would admit, and, of course, the law forbade his working in the breaker before he was twelve; but when Joe's father was brought home dead (or, at least, a part of him was), and when the other children were nothing but girls, and when Mrs. McCarthy's speak-easy (and who could object to a poor widdy woman with four girls selling a drop or two?), when it was not a big paying enterprise, from too much home consumption and other causes, and when Joe did not want to go to school, and did want to work in the breaker,—“the darlin' boy!”—and when his mother went to the breaker boss and swore that he was over twelve, but small of his age—why, dear me! what reply could be made? Her hearers always gave in long before this point was reached. As for the law, who kept the law, anyhow? Breaker bosses are not employed as detectives, and boys are not horses whose age can be read by their teeth. Besides boys were needed in the colliery.

So into the breaker he went. The hours were long, the work hard, the air loaded with coal-dust deadly to the lad's lungs. But more deadly

than the coal-dust to his physical being was the atmosphere of the coal breaker to his moral nature. Thus Joe McCarthy, as was said in the beginning and has been said all along, was going to the bad as fast as his childish feet could carry him. He already prided himself on being able to "swear with the best of 'em." The older men counted him "a cute one," to be able to take a drink or a smoke with any man around the works. Every sharp, impudent, or vicious speech the child made was greeted with roars of laughter, and he was spurred on to further efforts by these cries of applause.

There really was very little reason why Joe McCarthy should not go to the bad. The downward road was very easy and he had much company by the way. On that one street in Brunner's Patch there lived five nationalities each of which contributed its quota to the company on the downward road, although each was a "foreigner" to all the rest and the hand of each nationality was against every other nationality. To Joe and his Irish constituency the rest of the world as represented by his foreign-born neighbours in Brunner's Patch were all "Huns and His." But wiser people who cared found that in the narrow confines of the anthracite coal fields there were more than 150,000 immigrants, speaking over twenty tongues, as different from each other as Hungarian from Italian.

There were social distinctions in the Patch as well as racial. The people who lived in the red

row would not associate with those who lived in the brown row, for the houses in the red row contained five rooms, while those in the brown row only had three rooms with a lean-to attached. Neither the reds nor the browns would mingle freely with the denizens of "the shanties," which were built out of various materials from railroad ties to powder kegs and were not to be designated by any colour except a weather-beaten dust-colour.

As for the religion of the Patch, it could hardly be said to have any. The majority of its inhabitants were at first supposed to be Romanists. In a sense these Romanists seemed to be better off religiously than their Protestant neighbours, for the Romish Church is the same in all countries. The Protestants, however, were divided into as many sects as there were nationalities, and this not only by language but by old-world politics as well. This was also true of the Catholics, who found it hard to worship in the same church with their "natural enemies." So it came to pass that the Patch hardly had any religion or any Sunday. The breaker did not run on the Sabbath, although many of the men were obliged to work about the colliery as on other days. In the way of amusements, everything went on as usual. About the only religious exercise which attracted the attention of the whole Patch was when a celebration was held in honour of one of the various patron saints of the different nationalities. This celebration was

always held on Sunday and resembled a picnic more than a religious exercise. The festival usually ended with fireworks. Drinking continued all through the day and into the night. Brawls were frequent. Indeed it was anything but devotional.

The children of the Patch were early taught that they had a share in supplying the wants of the family. The little girls must carry the water for washing, and with the men and boys coming home black with coal dirt, the carrying of the water needed was no sinecure. Then all this coal dirt brought much scrubbing, so that the little girls learned to scrub at an age so early that in other surroundings they would have been admonished as to the naughtiness of dabbling in water. The children must also gather the fuel, so the culm piles swarmed with them, picking good coal from the waste culm. If the child was Italian the coal was carried home in a pail on her head. The poor little Italian heads carry heavy burdens. The mountains of the coal districts abounded in huckleberries, which were gathered and marketed actually by the ton by the women and children. It was a striking scene to make a turn on a mountain road and meet a file of thirty or forty Italian women and children swinging as freely and easily down the mountain side as though the youngest child did not carry a peck of huckleberries on her head, while the women sometimes carried nearly a bushel, having carried their burdens for miles.

As far as the children of the Patch were concerned, it did not matter to them how many nationalities composed the problem of which they were a part and with which philanthropists had to wrestle. It was enough for them if Bohemian had to wrestle against the rest of the world, or Magyar, or Pole. It was not all fighting of course, but when "a fight," flashed by boy telegraphy over the Patch, brought greater glory and attention than anything else, what wonder if the children in the Patch had great enthusiasm for fighting. If the fight was between men it was a finer sight than between boys—boys almost never killed one another. From Joe's back door he could count seven houses where there had been fights that had ended in murder since he could remember. Brunner's Patch had many advantages.

For this strenuous life Joe felt himself well equipped. And truly he did have many natural advantages. In the first place he had great faith in himself and, coupled with this, great determination. Through these two elements in his character he was likely at no distant day to win the position which it was his highest ambition to hold, "the bully of the breaker." In the patches this is as real an office as is that of president of the class in a high school. Indeed it is more coveted and carries with it greater honour. It is the duty of the bully to fight with each new boy who enters the breaker. Then the bully of one colliery will be pitted against the cham-

pion of another and the war for supremacy continues.

As for school—what was the good of that? What child of any spirit would be willing to hang up his cap for all day in any one room? To look at a book and try to fasten the names of its queer-looking marks in his mind? To hear the beer wagon rattle by and not be able to hang on behind? Yes, even to have the dreary ambulance pass slowly by and not join the silent crowd following it? The street with its delicious freedom and its wealth of saloons was more exciting and attractive. Joe's entire education consisted of the first three lessons in the primer, which had been thumped into him by various teachers during the intervals of playing hookey which filled the two years when the State had his name upon its school roll.

His neighbours of the many nationalities did not go to school either. They did not want to and if they had they could not, for they were not able to speak English. Eventually the children would learn to speak English, but in the meantime, those few, precious years when the child could not be a wage-earner, were gone and the boy was firmly seated on the benches at the breaker screens and the girl at the silk mill. Let the philanthropist and the labour agitator howl as they would, the greater the need of the child for educational advantages the less his opportunities. Brunner's Patch had four hundred people living in it, but the registry list of voters con-

tained but five names. As one walked its dirty streets, among the tin cans and broken beer bottles, one listened in vain for pure English and undefiled. Instead a jangle of foreign tongues proclaimed the place a foreign settlement, even if the Stars and Stripes did fly over the school-house.

So unattractively foreign it was. Missionary and philanthropic work in Brunner's Patch had not the slightest glamour. The foreigners were dirty. They were satisfied with themselves as they were. Indeed they resented all efforts for their betterment. And so it was that it was pitifully easy for a Joe McCarthy to go to the bad—after his Irish fashion. And for the Ruthenian boy or the Lithuanian girl or the Croatian or the Magyar or the Slav child of the Patch, each to go to the bad according to the accepted pattern of his nation; for each nationality kept itself to itself as far as possible in its customs, its traditions, its feelings, its old-world feuds and political parties, and even in its sinning.

All this went on for a time, too long by far, and more than one gang of Joe McCarthy's rose and reigned and fell in the various patches that formed the coal fields. Then it was borne in upon the hearts of Christian and philanthropic people that the heathen nations were here, inside the doors of the nation, and that they were still coming in droves and hordes, as fast as steam could pour them into our midst, in spite of immigration laws, and that help must be given or

they die, and we, America—Christian America—die with them.

Then Christian people began to be aroused to care for this alien population, these children debarred from our public schools by their foreign speech, whose parents can read in their own tongue, but whose children are growing up unable to read in any language. Many people have aided in this work: Churches, private individuals, societies, Sunday-schools, corporations, even in many cases the coal operator himself, notwithstanding his supposed exclusive diet upon "life blood."

The work has been along many different lines, principally in bringing to the work missionaries of different tongues who itinerate over parishes one hundred miles in length, up and down the valleys. A form of work which has appealed very strongly to most people and which has been greatly blessed, is that of the free kindergarten, with its chosen band of home missionary teachers. These teach kindergartens, clean up the children, uncomplainingly act as janitor, teach sewing school, night schools for the older boys and men who are too old and too busy to go to the public schools, visit the homes, hold mothers' meetings, visit the sick and the injured, gather and distribute clothing to the cold, and food to the hungry, and do many more things—and all upon the meagre strength, salary, and glory that is the portion of a free kindergartner among the people of foreign speech. This is far too great

a burden to be laid upon any one person, but it cannot be helped as things are at present. The need is so great, the help so inadequate.

The kindergarten is the great leveller, for while each Church gathers a congregation speaking one tongue, the kindergarten reaches all nationalities and religions. From six to twelve nationalities gather in many of these kindergartens among these people of foreign speech.

The children of the patches come with hardly a word of English in their speech or an American idea in their heads. In a wonderfully short time they are all talking English together and have learned many things which they need to know, as American citizens, even more than the English language.

As the result of this mission work it comes to pass that a Joe McCarthy's mother says of him with swelling pride: "He writes jist beautiful, and ye never heard sich readin' as he does since he's been goin' to the night school. And the figgerin'! Do ye know he's a workin' for a place on the ingineer corpse, and his teacher says he's sure to get it. I tell yez blood will tell—and it's a fine lad is me Joe. He give me every cint of his pay last month."

And so under the present attitude toward the foreign-born children it is hoped that more and more the Joe McCarthys will turn from their onward march toward the bad toward a noble, Christian American citizenship.

II

BABY FOOTPRINTS IN THE SLUMS

By Maud Ballington Booth

I. Shadows

SOME time ago I wrote an article on "Child Life in the Slums." It was circulated very generally throughout this country, and was afterwards copied and sent out to other parts of the world. In my mail, one morning not long since, I found a letter from India, telling me how that article had been read away off in that Eastern land. The missionary who sent me the tidings had herself read it aloud to the class of Hindoos among whom she laboured; and their hearts were so touched by the story of suffering and sorrow that they subscribed and sent to me twelve dollars for our work amongst the out-cast babies in this Christian land.

American dollars have been sent by the tens of thousands to evangelise the dark-skinned heathen of India, but this is the first time I have heard of the return of those dollars from far India's children to bring some comfort and hope

to our heathen at home. Very precious to my heart was this gift for our work, but how much more precious must it have been to the dear Saviour to see down into those native hearts, and note there the springing up of the Christ love that blends in tender sympathy all divinely touched souls with a longing to help and bless the lost and broken-hearted ones! I think this ought to speak to the hearts of those in this our favoured land who have never as yet stretched out a helping hand, or offered a cup of cold water, to the poor little mites whose lives are lived beneath the blighting curse of slumdom.

Many are the duties of our slum officers (the women who have devoted themselves as separately and exclusively to this work as if they had given their lives to work in Central Africa), but I think none have proved more touching and interesting than their influence over the little children of this great under-world. There are children, children everywhere, in the slums. The streets are full of them; the squalid, unhealthy rooms reveal them lying asleep on chairs, under tables, and even in the very cupboards,—children, many of them, with the faces of old men and women, and, alas! with the sad, bitter experience of a lifetime crowded into their few brief years. Some of them are cripples, distorted, made hideous to look at, not by any sad freak of nature or unforeseen accident, but, alas! by the brutal treatment of heartless parents and

the awful influences into which they are born. And yet the wonderful influence of young life and spirit is there, and bursts forth when it gets a chance, like the buds of early spring that burst at the first sunshine, though often to be blighted by the frosts of the ensuing day.

Let an organ or a violin-player strike up a tune in the street or court, and within a few brief seconds scores of tiny little feet are dancing, and little figures clad in rags and dimmed with dirt are darting about like butterflies when the sun bursts forth upon them in early spring. True, some of these little bare feet are weary and bruised and cold, these baby shoulders carry a weight of sorrow under which many an adult would fall, and these thin, pinched faces are scarred with blows, and washed only with tears; but for the moment it is all forgotten, and the young glad life has bubbled up like a mountain spring when the ice has thawed and left it free. But the wintry sunshine gleams out only for a few brief moments, often to be followed by cloud and wind and chill. So the music stops and the dancing ceases. The sound of scolding women and swearing men again chills the child life, and the little ones return to their blows and burdens, their hunger and their pain; for the joy-giving harmony even of the grinding-organ type is very short-lived in the slums.

A great many people read with gathering tears the well-known "Cry of the Children," by Mrs.

Browning, and they think it a most appalling thing that any little child should ever go hungry, especially so hungry that the tiny body wastes and fades until the verdict "died of starvation" has been passed upon it. And yet, have these people ever sat down and really brought the subject home to themselves as a present, existing, everyday fact, for the amelioration of which they are responsible? In all our great cities there are babies dying of starvation at this very moment. While the children of the rich are fancifully picking at the dainty dishes provided for them at the utmost expense and care, hundreds of little ones are wandering about with the neglected cats and dogs of the city, picking rotten fruit and stale fragments out of the ash-barrels, and consider themselves most fortunate when they find enough of such refuse to still the awful gnawing of hunger. Sometimes, when our workers have gone with food to the starving, they have described to me the avidity of the little ones as they have snatched and torn at the food as reminding them of hungry wild beasts.

One pitiful case the last summer touched my heart especially, for it was during the hot, sultry weather, when we are so careful that our babies should have the purest of milk, and the most watchful care, to ward off that dread summer complaint. The father and mother had been long without work, and the little room was barely

furnished, though clean, and the family was absolutely starving, while in the mother's arms lay a wee baby, nursing at a bottle that had in it nothing but cold water.

Starvation is by no means the worst evil that encompasses the slum baby's path. The baneful curse of drink has shadowed their first breath (we cannot say shadowed their cradle, for they have no cradles; slum babies lie wherever they are put, and their bed is very often the bare boards of the floor), and drink pours its cruel poison into their whole lives. Many of them bear its awful taint from the fact that they are the children of drunken parents, and many more are taught to drink the baneful stuff as naturally as other babies would drink milk.

Only the other day two little children were found lying dead from the effects of alcoholic poison, in the same room where their drunken mother was sleeping off the effects of a spree of the previous evening. Even where this poison is not taken into the poor little bodies, its cruel effects are seen in the wounds and scars and ghastly bruises with which many of them are covered from head to foot, from blows dealt by drunken parents and neighbours. How these children live at all is a perfect mystery to me. The homes in which they are crowded are filthy, the air is foul, human beings are herded together in them as we should not care to crowd cattle. They never have proper food, and, as a

general rule, have not even enough to stave off hunger. They are wretchedly clad, and some go naked while their few poor rags are in pawn, that their parents may have money for drink; and, superadded to all this, they are kicked, beaten, and maltreated. And yet they live, and are, many of them, growing up to follow in the steps of those who have gone before them, and to hold tenaciously to life until they are forced to give it up in the electric chair, or to pine away behind the hard stone walls and iron bars of prison, workhouse, or penitentiary.

This brings me to the darkest phase of all in considering this question of the slum's children; namely, the moral dangers that encompass these frail barks on the treacherous waters of crime and vice, into which they are launched at birth. The slums of our cities are hotbeds and forcing-houses from which thousands will be transplanted to our jails and asylums, unless they have the more fortunate lot of being early laid in Potter's Fields. Anyone who knows slumdom at all has had this clearly demonstrated to his mind. What else can be expected? If the carefully nurtured children of the better classes, after all their advantages of education, home, and surroundings, can go astray, to lie, to steal, to ruin, and murder, how can it be expected that those who have never learned to look upon sin as sin, or upon vice as vice, should do other than wander on in the path trodden by

their parents or companions? Alas! the babies of the slums look every day with their pure child eyes upon scenes of immorality and crime which we dream not of in our most horrible nightmares. - Language blasphemous and obscene comes from their lips as naturally as baby prattle to our home darlings, and the threat to "knife" and "kill" the other tiny mites with whom they disagree in play is but the echo of the passion and violence they see perpetrated around them.

Let me describe just one home scene that will give an insight into the comfortless desolation of their lives. The apartment was a one-room and dark-cupboard affair, occupied by the whole family. There had been a wake the night before, and the broken pipes and ashes mingled with the tallow drippings from the candles that had burnt to their sockets at the coffin-head. A little bare-footed baby lay dead in its wee coffin on the table. Its little limbs and tiny features bore the unmistakable traces of starvation. Close beside it, with her dishevelled head on her arms, sat the broken-hearted mother, while two ragged children stood staring at the little still form. On a broken lounge lay two other children in the clothes they fell asleep in the night before (for disrobing for bed is dispensed with in slumdom), looking so pale and sickly that the undertaker might well have thought them also ready for his care. The room was chill and gloomy,

and the revel of the previous night had left it more dirty and untidy, if possible, than was its wont. Perhaps the saddest sight in the room was discerned in a far corner. It was the husband and father, who lay on the floor dead drunk. There is a bright side to this picture, but we cannot stop to touch upon it now, for we are dealing with the shadows.

In a cellar in the city of Boston, our slum-workers found a father and mother sitting forlorn and despairing by the table on which lay two tiny dead babies—twins. The room being underground, it was cold and dark save for the tallow candles at the head and foot of the table, and this was made more gloomy in contrast with the bright sunshine without. The dim baby-eyes were open (they had not even a coin with which to close them), and the parents' faces bore the hopeless look of grief that freezes tears. No word, no sound, came in response to their sympathy, until some time later one of the slum sisters scattered a big handful of flowers on the tiny white bodies. Then this touch of loving sympathy broke into the poor closed hearts, and the tears fell faster as these desolate mourning ones knelt with their new-found friends, and prayed perhaps for the first time for many a year.

. In a big tenement house, which our workers visited constantly, foul odours had for some time been almost unbearable to the neighbours. In a

little room, whose occupant had left it two weeks before, a cupboard was found closed. When it became absolutely necessary to make a search and they had broken it open, the body of a baby was discovered, and be it remembered that it had lain there in the hottest of summer weather.

Sad as are the stories of dead babies, far sadder are the stories of the babies that live. The cruelties that are perpetrated on these frail little bodies are such that to have killed them outright would have been a far lesser crime; and yet the wrong-doers often go unpunished, or the punishment is so inadequate that they repeat the offence as soon as the restraining prison doors lie behind them.

You have seen the tall grass, with its neighbourly daisies and clover, waving in the breeze, and tossing its flowery head, powdered with gold, in the warmth of summer sunlight. The next day you have wakened to find the field shorn, clover and daisies, grass tassels and leaves, all lie still and withered. While you slept in the early dawn the mower's scythe was busy, and they, poor things! fell powerless before it. Just so does the angel of death come in the heat of summer to our slums. Not to take here and there a flower for the heavenly garden, but with big sweeping strokes to carry off by scores and hundreds these poor wee flowers, who have already been so often parched for want of water, scorched by the sun of suffering, and trampled

beneath the ruthless feet of men. Infectious disease, hereditary taint, improper food, excessive heat, and the dread cholera infantum, all claim a hand in this harvest of child lives. "How awful! how sad!" some mother's heart may sigh; for to her death is the worst and most awful thing that could come. But we are tempted to whisper an earnest "Thank God!" (much as we grieve to see the tiny sufferer breathe its last), for each little flower transplanted to the bright, pure, glad garden of heaven, from the weed-grown, poisonous ground out of which God in His tender love has taken them.

2. Sunbeams

It is only those who understand the misery and sunlessness of the child life of slumdom who can really appreciate the far-reaching and blessed influence of the loving, devoted workers who have chosen to live among them, and, giving up all their former surroundings, embrace a life of utmost poverty to be the neighbours of the poor. In thinking of the slums, it has often seemed to me as if a great cloud arose from them, hiding out the precious sunlight of God's grace, much as the soot-laden, earth-made fog of London creeps over that city, shutting out the sun's light, and bringing midnight at mid-day.

Vice, godlessness, ignorance, slavery to

drink, poverty, criminal taint, and many other horrible influences, seem to stand between these outcasts and the possibility of goodness, purity, and righteousness. Difficult even is it to give them any insight or perception into things which belong to so utterly different a world to their own. It is difficult to describe to those born blind the beauties revealed by the precious gift of sight. It would be well-nigh impossible to describe to the lost souls in hell the blessed peace and comfort and glory of the redeemed ones in heaven. So it is, in a lesser sense, a task of greatest difficulty, requiring heavenly inspired wisdom, to explain to these poor sunken wrecks of humanity that sin is sin, that vice is wrong, and that there is such a thing as purity, goodness, and heaven on earth. The only real, effectual way to do it is to make them understand the sunshine by taking reflections of it right down into their shadow-life and then they will desire to look up themselves, and catch the light from the great glorious Sun that their own sin and misery, and their great misfortune, has shut out from their sight.

Our slum officers in their unselfish efforts have indeed proved just this to the neighbourhoods into which they have lovingly and cheerfully gone to live out the Christ life. More effectual than sermons, more intelligible than the Bible (for to many of them it is an incomprehensible, if not an utterly unknown, book), more

comforting than charity, is this living representation of the spirit and work of Christ. It must not be thought that their work is by any means finished when they have paid their visit to the cellar, garret, tenement, or lodging-house, talking for a few moments on spiritual subjects, saying a prayer, reading from the Bible, or leaving a tract. To reach the hearts of those to whom they go, and to make them believe in the reality of Christ and His love, they have to do just as we believe the dear Saviour Himself would do were He to take up His abode in the slums to-day as He did in Jerusalem of old; namely, to care for the physical and temporal needs of the people as well as their spiritual requirements.

If Christ sought to gain the confidence and win the hearts of people by this means, pointing them to the higher and more spiritual blessings that He could give, it seems to me that this is the one really right way of accomplishing the work; and yet, alas! so many people go to the two extremes, either it must be all temporal blessings that they give, or else they entirely neglect the temporal, and would feed the starving with a verse of Scripture, and clothe the naked with the assurance that some day they will have the robe of white in heaven. Yet Christ's example is so clear, and so intelligible to all who read of His ministry, that it seems strange that it should not have been more fully carried out by His

professed followers of to-day. Perhaps the lack of wisdom in many instances may be traced home to the lack of possession of His own spirit.

Of all work, the slum work brings to our hearts and minds a realisation of the need of practical God-inspired sympathy and good common sense in dealing with the needs of humanity. What an empty mockery it would be to go in and pray for a little, weak, starving baby, and then leave it wailing piteously for want of a good wholesome bottle full of milk! Neither parents nor babe would profit much by such a prayer, whereas the prayer might make some impression upon the parents' hearts if the hungry babe had been previously soothed to sleep by the needed nourishment and the tender handling of a loving-hearted woman.

How much good would it do to enter a filthy house and talk to the mother on her sick-bed about the sin of living in such a condition, and the well-known fact that "cleanliness is next to godliness," if, after the prayer that she might be brought to see the error of her ways, the "sisters" went back to their own clean, tidy little home, and left her poor room as untidy, her children as neglected, and the poor creature herself as friendless and discouraged? No, no! the loving work of the slum sisters is a fulfilment in this day of that comprehensible summing up of the disciples' mission, "And they went about *doing good*,"—not talking and preaching and

praying it merely, but doing good. Loving toil, practical example, and neighbourly sympathy, have won for these girls, in all the great cities where our slum work has been established, the love and respect of thousands of the outcast poor, and have given them an entrance into the homes of wretchedness and squalor where never before had trodden the feet of those who bring glad tidings. Not only is this true of the homes, but they have gone also into places which have been looked upon as the devil's strongholds, such as saloons, dives, and houses of ill-fame. Of a truth, these women shed sunbeams on a path that leads through the darkest night of vice and hopeless misery, and these sunbeams find their way through the windows of many a lost soul, bringing the first realisation of the great fact that "God is love."

By none perhaps are the slum sisters more welcomed and more beloved than by the little children. Accustomed to cross looks, hard words, and a constant shower of blows, the sweet sympathetic smile, the loving word and kindly touch, fly like electricity to the little heart that, all unknown to itself, has been yearning and waiting for love. No eyes are quicker to see goodness, no hearts more ready to understand where confidence can be safely placed, than are those of little children. Hence it is only natural that the little wan, sad faces brighten at their entrance into the poor homes

of the tenements, and that little feet dance to meet them with a glad buoyancy unknown to their ordinary walk when they are caught sight of in the street. Only the other day a sweet little girl, who lives in one of the lowest and poorest of homes, saw one of the sisters whom she had not met for a long time. She darted to her like a bird let loose from a cage, and they sat down on the doorstep to talk together. A few moments later a rough and brutal man stepped out from the doorway and scolded the child in the harshest manner, and then, taking the poor little thing roughly by the shoulders, he shook her until he almost shook her little shoes from her feet. But it seems to me that that shaking was easier to bear for the sweet words of love that for many a sad day will be cherished in the little heart.

Sometimes the influence our officers have over the children gives them an entrance into the home, while, at other times, their visits of help to sick parents also introduce them to a family of little ones that fill the room. The acts of tender care bestowed are not limited to the nursing of little sick ones, or to the gathering together of these children in the little meetings held especially for them; but anything that the occasion demands, from the caring for the little mite that has just drawn its first breath to the washing and laying out of some poor little body, is gladly and lovingly done.

Quite early in the history of the slum work we found it necessary to open a *crèche*, or nursery. Our reasons for this were not only the fact that we found a great number of neglected, starving, and suffering babies who could be benefited thereby, but our desire to help the mothers, and encourage them to go out and work for a living, which it would be impossible for them to do with a young baby in their arms.

Pitiful indeed are the stories of young mothers driven to desperation, suicide, or a life of shame, from the fact that they have no means to support a baby, which proves their greatest hindrance, barring them from all possible work. Our day nursery was the first one ever opened in the downtown slums, and it was opened in the most needy locality. It has paved the way for others which have since come into existence. Our idea was still to keep up the principle of neighbourly help; hence we did not furnish the place elaborately with little brass cots, or beautify it with many of the adornments that would have been possible if we had been working among another class of the poor. We procured a number of soap-boxes to serve as little beds. Mattresses, sheets, and blankets made them most comfortable little nests for the poor little fledglings we were to shelter. The floor was carpetless, but spotlessly clean, and everything that love, tenderness, wholesome food, and soap and hot water could do for them, was done for the lit-

tle ones. The terrible state of neglect in which some of the babies are brought to us, would make the heart of any mother ache. The children spend a sunshiny day in the nursery from seven in the morning until six or seven at night; and little ones, from the age of two weeks up to three years, can be found there any day. Every child receives a bath on entering; its dirty little clothes are put away, and comfortable clean ones are given it. The present nursery is large, bright, and airy, there being three or four rooms; so that the number is much increased from the little beginning of the early days.

When it was first opened, and bright curtains were hung in the windows, and flowers put on the sills, a little stray canary-bird flew in at the open window, and it has now become an occupant of a little golden cage, and spends its time in singing to the little ones who have so little singing in their own lives,—a mere strange chance or accident, no doubt, from a worldly standpoint; but it always seemed to me that that canary-bird flew God-guided to just the one spot in the slums where it would be safe, and where it would help to bring happiness by its cheery singing.

Standing in the door of the saloon opposite, a poor drunken outcast looked up at those bright windows. Before one of them he saw constantly swinging the swing in which first one baby and then another are allowed to take turns. He in-

quired about the place, and then came to our meetings from the interest which this had aroused in his mind. At these meetings he found Christ as his Saviour; and, in giving his testimony afterwards, he said that he had never seen women treat little children like that before. He felt sure that there must be some reason for it, and that they must indeed be good. So, apart from its softening influence upon the hearts of the mothers, our nursery has already on its chronicles the record of this soul reached and saved through its instrumentality.

During the last terrible summer the doctor assures us that this nursery has saved a great many little lives. Not only are the babies cared for in the nursery, but they are taken out to get the air on Brooklyn Bridge, or up in the horse-cars to the parks. We naturally have many babies in the care of each slum nursery officer, sometimes almost more than she can manage when it comes to taking them out. One of our officers got on to the horse-car one day with five little ones, all of them still babies. She had only ten cents with her, and, on the conductor asking for her fare, she gave him the ten cents, hoping with a hope almost verging on a prayer that he would return five cents, that she might use it for the home ride. Turning from her to the other passengers, he said: "Just look at this! This woman gives me ten cents, five for herself, and five for the five young ones, I sup-

pose." Instead of this being met by a laugh of ridicule, her work was recognised, and one of the passengers shouted: "Give her back her five cents. She's a slummer!" So she rode all the way up and all the way back with her five little charges for the one ten-cent piece.

Sometimes we have found it necessary to take the little ones away from the suffering and sorrow that they have had to encounter. In one of our rescue homes we have two little girls, Italians, one of them nine, and the other a mere baby of two. Their mother had died, and they lived with their father in a miserable little attic room. Night after night low, brutal men would come to his room, to drink and play cards with him; and these poor babies, lying on the one miserable bed in the corner of the room were so maltreated that, were it possible to identify and arrest the men, they could all be sent to State-prison.

In our little meetings for the children of the slums they are taught the songs which soon become dear to them, and in the simplest, most direct way learn the story of Jesus and His love. The ignorance on matters spiritual is absolute. One little fellow, when asked, the other day, who Jesus was, looked blankly stupid until a sudden stroke of recollection seemed to strike his mind, and he said, "Yes, I know; he's the man that governs this State!"

Time and space make it impossible for me to tell more stories of the children in the slums, but one which occurred in Philadelphia I cannot leave unmentioned. At the Christmas season it has been the practise of our officers to try and bring some gladness and cheer into the homes of those who would absolutely have no Christmas were it not for their thoughtfulness. Hence, just before Christmas they visit from home to home, finding out what gifts would be the most needed, and where there are the most little ones. In such a visit they found, in a poor little top room of one of the big houses, a woman sitting beside the empty grate, crying as if her heart would break. The little ones were in bed. The room was clean, and it was easy to see that she was a hard-working and loving mother; for the little clothes, though very old and very threadbare, were patched and neat. She was a lace-maker and a widow, and had to work very hard to keep a roof over their heads and the gaunt wolf of starvation from the door. Her sorrow on this night was over the coming Christmas; for it was Christmas Eve, and the little ones had gone to bed knowing that they must not look for Santa Claus to come and fill their stockings, and yet she had tried very hard to get a Christmas for them. For some weeks back she had been working late at night, after the little ones were in bed, to make a little extra lace, for which she had received an order. This lace would have

brought her something over two dollars, and the two dollars she had purposed to expend upon toys and candies for Christmas. She had told them Christmas was coming, and that it was going to bring something for them. The previous day she had taken the lace—her task being finished—to the house of the lady who had ordered it, and, on sending it in, the servant returned to say that the lady was too busy to pay her then, but would pay her after the holiday season, when she had time. So she had gone back to her own poor little garret, where there could be no “holiday season” or gladness, with a heavy heart. On hearing the story, the slum officers went back to their little home, and gathering together toys enough for each little one, some bright-coloured bags of candies, some oranges, and one warm article of clothing for each child, they made one more poor home happy, a mother’s heart light, and four little children wonderfully rich, when Christmas morning dawned.

If only the children of the wealthy could be made to understand how valuable their cast-off clothing, their thrown-aside toys, and their waste pennies, could be made by our slum workers, I think we should have no dearth of these blessings to pass on to the homes of those to whom they would give so much pleasure. Would that the mothers of our land would extend their love and sympathy outside their own home circle,

so that it could embrace some of those loveless, hopeless little ones, or, anyhow, that their practical help might be given to those who have so gladly embraced the life of guardian angels to the children of the slums!

III

CHILD LIFE IN A DAY NURSERY

By Elizabeth L. Gebhard

SOON after daybreak the first sounds of children's voices are heard within the day nursery. At half-past six, or seven at the latest, the little ones begin to arrive. Many of them are carried in their mothers' arms, while others toddle at their sides.

The large majority of the mothers are young women who have met misfortune in some form. The death of a husband, or his drinking habits, or often his loss of work, have driven the wife and mother to try to do double work for her family. This is not possible outside of her home, unless her baby and smallest children can be cared for during the day. This work the day nursery undertakes to accomplish, asking in return only the nominal price of five or ten cents a day from each mother. It is often a chubby little hand that offers the nickel or dime to the nurse in waiting, the mother having pushed it hastily into the baby's hands just as she entered the door. Or a little fellow in his first short

trousers walks independently into the office, and offers the price of his own daily care.

They follow each other closely in the first half-hour of the morning, many of them finishing their breakfasts of a crust of bread, or a banana, or a pretzel, after they enter the nursery door. Hats and sacks are hung by the mothers, or the little folks themselves, on low hooks in a room just within the street door, and the babies are carried immediately to a pleasant nursery on the upper floor.

Those a little older are told, in the warm days, to run out in the yard, and there, for the first two hours in the cool air and sunshine, you will find them as bright and happy as children can be. It is only a city yard down among the tenements, but a little larger than the average, and boasting the shade of one tree, an ailanthus. One entire side of the yard is walled in by a Jewish synagogue, but its unsightly surface of red brick is entirely covered with a fine green ivy that lends a touch of nature's beauty to the nursery yard.

The entire yard is covered with smooth boards, and fenced about with low wooden benches with high backs, and one-half of the space is roofed over to afford shelter when the rays of the sun are too searching. Here the little ones run about and play games, tumbling and picking themselves up, and filling the air with laughter and childish voices.

High up on the top floor the babies are having

their morning bath. Some of them come to the nursery clean, but many do not, and each little one is made as sweet and clean as possible at the beginning of the day, and given a fresh set of clothes to wear while in the nursery. On the white bib tacked to each little dress is a slip of linen marked *Ida*, *Willie*, *Little Mary*, or *Bella*, according to its owner's name, so that each child has its own small outfit.

They toddle or creep to the outer room with bright eyes when their bath is over, as sweet a lot of little faces as children of happier neighbourhoods.

Here are go-carts and hobby-horses, rattles and dolls, on one side of the room, and the tiniest little white cribs, with fleecy white canopies at their heads, tied back with wide blue ribbons, on the other. At the foot of each little crib stands a willow rocking-chair, with its rockers safely sheltered beneath the foot.

Sometimes a row of little folks take a ride across the floor in these rockers at the same time, crowing and laughing as they go, all of them together making a pretty sight. These same chairs are used at the early dinner to seat the babies around their low circular table. The nurse sits in the centre of the circle, and feeds the children bread and milk, or porridge, from the prettiest of *Kate Greenaway* bowls. The weest babies of all have bottles of *Mellin's* food, carefully prepared in the most scientific and healthful fashion.

If the visiting guest has made friends with the babies, a flutter of little hands will shake a "by-by" as she leaves the room, and a chorus of sweet, childish voices will follow her as she passes down the stairs.

When the sun rises high in the sky, the children in the yard come into the house, and are soon filling their own nursery, on the floor below the babies, with fresh life. Here are rag-dolls and blocks for everyone, and a dozen little mothers are in a short time walking the floor hushing their doll-babies, or playing with them in some corner.

Occasionally a boy joins in the doll-tending, but most of them find their pleasure with the blocks. There is the boy who builds high towers, and the mischief who knocks them down; the boy who helps the little girls build, and the boy who must work alone. There are disputes to settle, and tears to wipe, for there are all kinds of dispositions in the day nursery; but, before any real trouble arises, the little folks are placed on the floor in a great circle, their feet touching each other, and a rubber ball rolled back and forth.

By the time the rolling has resolved itself into bounding the ball, the game is changed, and everyone is given a smaller rubber ball with a bright crocheted cover to throw at his or her pleasure, and the sport goes on till dinner-time at half-past eleven. In their own dining-room

they find each a large dish of rice and milk, or some other cereal, placed on long, low, white oilcloth covered tables. With bowed heads and clasped hands a childish grace is said, and the hungry little folks are soon enjoying a dinner that is both healthful and abundant. Often before it is finished more than one little head has sunk upon its owner's arm, and sleep has conquered the active little body and brain.

The boys like to take off their shoes, and carry them in their hands up to the dormitory full of white cribs, waiting for the afternoon naps; but, when they reach there, the naps are often forgotten, and one by one they have to be urged to jump into the beds awaiting them.

All kinds of mischief are rampant for a few moments, but in a very short time the room is full of sleeping children, tired with their early rising and morning play. The last look into the large room leaves a remembrance of dozens of little shoes in pairs under each crib, and a little round flaxen or black head snuggled down in its special pillow; and for a time the nursery is quiet, except, possibly, for some sick baby who cries, and is soothed by being swung in the little hammock in the cool hall outside.

During most of the year those who are old enough attend the kindergarten in the same building, but wherever they are, through the entire house, they are made comfortable and happy.

Late in the afternoon they play in the yard

again, and at six the mothers begin to come. Often the nickel that was lacking in the morning appears at night, and one by one the children disappear.

Sometimes a small black-eyed girl of five or six will be honoured by being allowed to help in the departure of the rest. As she calls up the stairs or out in the yard for Ida, or baby John, or little Rosie, or Elizabeth, who is shorter than her name, the charm of motherliness sits on her shoulders.

The real mothers depart with happy faces, with their children in their arms or at their sides, and the day is over, and quiet settles down over the day nursery. With them into their homes in the tenements the children carry lessons of obedience, reverence, and unselfishness, besides many a suggestion of how to amuse themselves while the mothers work.

IV

CHILD LIFE AMONG THE AMERICAN INDIANS

By Elaine Goodale Eastman

THE little American Indian babe by no means finds itself,—to speak in the present tense of a primitive mode of life which is largely a thing of the past,—upon the moment of its introduction into this world, lying on a soft mattress or in a sheltered chamber.

No garment is put upon the babe at first, but it is smoothly enveloped instead in a number of wrappings, often lined, like the nest of some dainty bird, with the soft down of ripe "cat-tails." Finally the little oblong bundle is fitted into a sort of hood, or cradle,—a sack of embroidered buckskin, laced up the front with thongs of the same, and backed by an oaken board, with a wooden bow to protect the child's face and head. The pattern and decorations of this article vary considerably in the different tribes, as do the styles of their moccasins.

There is a good deal to be said for the con-

venience of this arrangement, and there seems to be no reason why the baby should not be comfortable and develop properly, if not too tightly bound. As is well known, it is strapped thus on the back of mother or grandmother, and carried long distances, in all weathers, quite safe from accident and well protected from the cold. When the hard-working nurse has wood to cut, or other labour to perform, the cradle, with its little occupant, is merely set up on end against a tree, or swung from a convenient grapevine. The baby seldom cries, and early learns to find its own amusement in observing the colour and movement of the outside world. Beads and rattles, however,—the universal infant playthings,—are carved out of horn and bone, and strung on the bow of the cradle, within reach of the tiny, grasping hands.

As the walking age approaches, our little wildling is released from swaddling bands, and, attired in a brief shirt or scanty frock, and a pair of diminutive moccasins, scrambles to its feet and toddles unsteadily out into the forest. In a surprisingly short time it is able almost to take care of itself, and is certainly hardier, more independent, and more observing than its Caucasian cousin. In regard to its food, a curious inconsistency is practised by the mother, who often nurses her babe for two years, or almost up to the birth of a second, and at the same time allows it to eat meat with the rest of the family!

The teeth are cut much earlier than those of white children.

The next epoch is the age of the differentiation of boy and girl—about four or five years. After this period, the boy plays the hunter and warrior; he is dressed and painted for the part, a tiny bow and arrows are placed in his hand, and he learns to roam the wilderness alone, or in the company of other boys. His fellows rudely initiate him in the manly sports of wrestling, swimming, and riding, not to mention a variety of more or less exciting games—sham fights, imaginary buffalo hunts, and war upon wild bees. As he grows a little older, he is expected to be able to find his own way, even in an unknown part of the country, to appear indifferent to cold, fatigue, exposure, or any sort of bodily hardship, and to show no fear under any circumstances.

In addition to the necessary abstinence in times of scarcity, which are not so infrequent in savage life, the Indian boy is advised to fast voluntarily now and then as a test of his powers of self-denial. When he fasts, he blackens his face with charcoal—a sign for the other boys, when the day is well advanced, and active sport in the open air has quickened hunger, to tempt and tantalise him by cooking and devouring their game before his very eyes.

In spite of these apparently harsh lessons, the little redskin's existence is far from being arduous or unhappy. He has little work to do—the

herding and watering of the ponies, which form the staple of Indian wealth, is his principal duty, and he has unlimited leisure and freedom for his boyish sports, and the hunting of birds and small animals, which occupies a large share of his attention.

His little sister, for her part, is become a miniature woman, and her life, while perhaps no more laborious, is characterised by less of freedom and more of monotony. Her long, wide-sleeved gown and the arrangement of her hair, and her very necklace and earrings, are an exact copy of those of the full-grown belle. Her plays are a faithful imitation of the toils of her mother and grandmother,—the making and setting up of little lodges, nursing of quaint, home-made dolls in dolls' cradles, and packing of miniature *travaux*,—the primitive Indian equipage.

When not over six or seven years of age, she is taught to carry water in vessels suited to her strength, to bring firewood in small quantities, pick berries, dig roots, and, in time, to perform all the needful household drudgery, including the making and elaborate decoration of buckskin garments, and, finally, the tanning of the skins. There are always certain women in the tribe, however, who are notably skilled with the awl,—the Indian woman's needle,—and who do the finer work for the rest. The savage maiden who is a rapid and elegant worker in their tasteful embroideries with coloured beads and quills, or,

Among the American Indians 55

in certain tribes, in blanket or basket weaving, is reputed an accomplished young lady; and if she have in addition bright eyes, pleasing features, and a good disposition, her suitors will be many!

It is commonly supposed that the aboriginal children have no regular teaching or training; but the fact is that, while there is among them, of course, nothing like systematic schooling, their minds and manners are by no means entirely neglected. They are required at an early age to learn by heart and repeat perfectly a great number of hero-myths and ancestral traditions, with a view not only to preserving this unwritten literature of the race, but strengthening their conceptions of savage manhood, and stimulating their ambition as well. The more thoughtful parents question their children closely at times upon natural objects and phenomena, and they are thus taught to observe with wonderful minuteness, and to describe with accuracy what they have seen.

They are seldom coerced or punished, but are trained to be silent and respectful in the presence of their elders, and the many observances of the wild religion of the red man are carefully impressed upon them.

As the young people grow up, the girls are strictly chaperoned (more commonly by their grandmother), and little, if any, conversation with young men is allowed. As for the boys, they are

told that it is far more honourable and manly to go upon the warpath, and win an eagle-feather or two, before venturing to address a maiden. At the age of fifteen or sixteen, the youth's career as a warrior is often begun.

V

IMPRESSIONS OF CHILD LIFE IN PORTO RICO

By Samuel McCune Lindsay, Ph. D., United States
Commissioner of Education

FIRST impressions are usually modified by later experience and larger knowledge. However, a newcomer does see what the more accustomed eye often fails to catch. As I have been asked for my first impressions of the children of Porto Rico, I shall endeavour merely to describe some of the strange sensations of the first few months of contact with the children here, without attempting to philosophise about our educational problems. This is a land which lends itself particularly well to impressionist pictures both in colour and in words, and the artists of that school should hail in the future, not from Paris, but from San Juan.

Unlike the snakes in Ireland, of children in Porto Rico we are blessed with a great abundance. The army census of 1899 shows that in a total population of about one million persons we had three hundred thousand children under

ten years of age, and half the total population was under eighteen years of age. The birth rate here is much higher than in the United States, and yet the total population increases more slowly, for the infant and child death-rate is very high.

These children are of all colours,—from the fattest, plumpest, little black and brown babies with woolly hair, to the very pale-faced and very fair-skinned white babies with golden silky locks. Most of the population, of course, comes in between these extremes, and some odd combinations of colour occur. Nearly every afternoon, on my drive or horseback ride out of San Juan, I pass one boy about eight years of age with a yellow-brown skin and head of fine glossy, golden hair. Colour is much in evidence with the children because very few under five years of age wear any clothing. I believe the law requires at least one garment to be worn, but it is fortunately not rigidly enforced against children, and where it is observed it is with a liberal interpretation. I remember seeing two little tots together where one had on nothing but a good stout pair of American shoes and the other nothing but a little short under-vest—I believe we would call it—but I doubt the appropriateness of the “under” in this case.

Where the temperature ranges from seventy-nine to eighty-three degrees, and varies but a few degrees in its average for every hour of the day

or night, and for every day of the year, clothes and artificial shelter become of minor importance. The children live outdoors, and are healthy, fat, and strong. They need little clothing, and it would be a pity if Americanisation should ever inflict on them the loss of freedom which so many American children suffer because they are treated as doll-babies, and dressed more to gratify a desire for show, and to please their parents' whims and fancies, than from a regard for their own welfare.

As we did not have public schools enough for more than one in five of the children of school age, we had to discriminate somewhere, and so the order went out that no child without clothes could be admitted to the schools. One poor peon who had no money to buy clothes for his boy failed to see the reasonableness of the rule, and said he thought it was more important to have something in his boy's head than on his back, and he must have him in school. Not being able to have the rule revoked, he finally sent the boy to school with a pair of trunks or knee-trousers made out of a Pillsbury flour sack plainly marked XX. Later when, armed with a camera, I went to that little country school in the hills to take the boy's picture, he had added to his wardrobe a blouse made of the same material. That boy is bound to get an education, and will be heard from in the future.

Healthy, bright, and attractive as are the chil-

dren of Porto Rico, they have sad faces when one watches them more closely; and although all young children thrive in this climate by reason of the outdoor life and the superabundance of air and sunshine in the houses, schoolrooms, and everywhere, they decline rapidly as they grow in years. The bulk of the population is poor beyond description, and the children do not have sufficient nutritious food. They do not inherit strong constitutions nor sufficient red corpuscles to do the hard work of life. They soon show signs of anæmia, if not of worse diseases,—largely inherited. They are left to shift for themselves at an early age, and have to live on irregular meals of bananas and other fruits, with “dulce” or sweets as the main things which appeal to their appetites. They will come to school in the morning and work at their studies for three hours without having had a mouthful of food, and frequently will remain at school through the noon recess, with only what the trees in the vicinity of the school afford, or what a kindly disposed teacher or a more favoured playmate can give them.

In a city like San Juan, formerly a walled town, and now one of the most densely populated cities in the United States, there are no front yards, and few open places, except the narrow streets and the courtyards or “patios” of the houses, to one of which usually many families have access, and where a great deal of the housework

is carried on. A glimpse into one of these "patios" will usually reveal from one to four dozen children of all ages at play among the scattered débris there deposited, and the busy scenes of several washerwomen at work at their tubs. The streets, too, are full of children at all hours of the day and night, except during the very hottest part of the day, and then there is usually a shady side. It is hard to walk along the narrow sidewalks in San Juan without stepping on some round-faced little naked brown urchin, or stopping involuntarily to pat the cheek of some bright-eyed little girl. They scamper everywhere, and as one drives out over the celebrated Military Road,—the only road out of San Juan,—through the crowded suburban villages of Puerta de Tierra and Santurce, it is always a cause of wonder that the swarms of children manage to escape the horses' hoofs, and the dangers of the trolley track alongside of the road. Yet we never hear of anyone being run over.

There is a universal admiration for children on the part of all classes, and an outward manifestation of affection on the part of adults for a child everywhere, and of children for each other as well. I have never seen, on the part of a brother or sister but a few years older, more devoted care of a little baby just able to toddle about, than I have seen here. Parents are proud of large families, and speak unhesitatingly and with pride of the expected arrival of a child. No

children come to Porto Rico that are not wanted. Yet among the great mass of the people there is no idea whatever of the responsibilities of parenthood, and they know little how to do for their children. The affection they exhibit for their children is subject to all the vicissitudes which one would expect in a hot-headed, impulsive, and sentimental people. Underneath it all, though it would be difficult to explain it, there is a vein of cruelty. They don't hesitate to inflict suffering on a weaker being, as is manifested in the universal treatment of dumb animals.

There are many evidences of an innate lack of being able to put one's self in another's place. The ideas of fair play, of an equal contest, and of *noblesse oblige*, so characteristically a part of the Anglo-Saxon's make-up, have not penetrated very deep as yet into the average Porto Rican's constitution. Of course, such judgments are not true of all. One speaks only of the mass of the people. I have met Porto Ricans with as pure and wholesome family life and as noble ideals of conduct as can be found anywhere. But against the set current of the lower standards of two-thirds or more of the total population we must build the foundations of Americanism in its best sense. To give these boys and girls a chance to know better things and to fight for a higher life, our schools are established as the outposts from which we shall hold conquered territory, and transform it, in time, into a garden spot in

the American Union, where life and conduct shall be as beautiful as the unsurpassed landscape below, with its royal palms and luxuriant growth of fruits and flowers, and the skies above, with their infinite variety of colours.

To accomplish this, many institutions besides the public schools are needed. Few places present so many opportunities for humanitarian work which promises large returns. The children must be taught to play. Child life here is singularly devoid of normal amusements. One of the greatest orators and public men in Porto Rico, in a public address, recently mentioned base-ball among the greater blessings Americans had brought. Every boy in the larger towns is now assiduously devoted to this game, and by means of it he is also acquiring a little very expressive English. Physical development is one of the things most needed, and good outdoor games, requiring not too vigorous exercise, should be encouraged. Something in this line is especially needed for the girls.

A wholesome child literature in Spanish would be of great assistance if it were along the lines of so many good children's books and periodicals now issued in the States; also work for women which would develop home life and home traditions, and bring them in harmony with American ideas, is much needed. From the nature of the climate, the home never can be here all that that word means in a northern country like the

United States; but around the family life here, as elsewhere, must be thrown many safeguards if the welfare of children is to be guaranteed.

Give Porto-Rican boys and girls a chance, and they will grow into manhood and womanhood of which we can be proud. Many of them are now holding their own in competition with our boys and girls in the schools of the States without having enjoyed the same early advantages. The people are intellectually our equals, class for class, in society. If we win their confidence, we can give them all that is best in our life, and gain something in the giving. The best place to begin is with the children.

VI

CHILD LIFE IN MEXICO

By Wilma Jacobs Brown

COME with me on a journey to the warm sunny southland of Mexico. As we walk along the streets, and in the parks of the cities, you will see some children beautifully dressed, carrying elegant French dolls, riding expensive bicycles, or playing with other costly toys. But see how many more of the children are in rags, their feet bare, faces and hands dirty, hair unkempt, and so hungry that they will run to pick up any piece of bread or bit of fruit that is thrown into the street. It is with these children of the poor I wish to make you acquainted to-day.

Let us visit them in their homes. Be careful where you step, for there is much mud and dirt! What smells! they almost make one sick. Look into that doorway. You see a small yard where pigs, chickens, cats, dogs, and babies are rolling in the filth. Each of the rooms you see opening into the yard is the home of a separate family. The floors are of beaten earth, and nearly always

damp. There is little or no furniture. A straw mat serves as bed, and a roll of old rags for pillow; and at night all the members of the family sleep, huddled together, in the same clothes worn during the day. Their pet animals sleep in the same room with the rest, and the doors are closed tight. The wonder is that they do not all die of suffocation before morning.

At meal-time they squat on the ground around the little charcoal fire, and eat out of the two or three dishes in which the food has been cooked.

On the straw mat, among some rags, is lying the baby, only a few months old. How dirty! It looks as though its face had not been washed for days, perhaps it never had a bath. Its clothes are just pieces of old cloth or calico,—a little shirt, a calico waist, and perhaps an old apron wrapped about its legs; no pretty long flannel skirt to keep baby warm, not even a piece of blanket for covering, poor little thing!

In some houses I have seen the baby swinging in what is called a hammock. This consists of a frame made of four boards fastened together at the corners, to the bottom of which is loosely nailed a piece of strong cloth, which is allowed to sag slightly in the middle. Short ropes are tied to the four corners, meeting about two feet above the centre, where they are all fastened to a long rope, which is attached to the rafters overhead. Often the smallest child in the family is seen swinging this box-like cradle.

On the street the women generally carry their babies strapped tight to the back in the folds of their long rebozo; the little head and legs bob up and down till I have often wondered that they did not come off. Sometimes baby is tied with equal tightness to the mother's breast, thus leaving the hands free for other work.

. The children early learn to creep, and get into everything. They are taught to walk so soon that many become bowlegged or even lame. Babies are allowed to eat everything,—beans, tortillas dipped in chili sauce, fruit that is green or over-ripe, and even *pulqué* is given them. When I think of these children of the poor, their insufficient clothing, improper food, and the filth in which they live, not to mention the ignorance of their mothers, my wonder is not that so many thousands of them die in infancy, but that any live and grow to maturity.

. Not long ago, in the market-place, I saw a woman sitting on the ground with a pile of fresh vegetables to sell. Beside her sat a mite of a child not a year old. It had a ragged handkerchief tied about its head, while a little shirt that came only to its knees, and a calico waist, were all it had on, though the morning was cold and frosty. I watched the baby a minute; it had only three or four teeth, and was nibbling a crust of bread. Suddenly it grabbed a little earthen pitcher, and began to drink. "What is the baby drinking?" I asked the mother. "Coffee and

sugar," she replied. I peeped into the pitcher; there was no milk in the coffee, which looked black and strong, but baby seemed to like it. I have seen that same child suck an onion as though it were sugar candy, and eat raw carrots.

• Even quite small children have to work. One day I saw a woman carrying a big basket on her back. It must have been heavy, as she had to grasp it with both hands, and so could not lead her child, a little girl only two years old, who trudged by her side, also carrying a bundle on her little back. "Mama, mama, I am tired; it is so heavy," she was saying. "Yes; but hurry, and we will soon be there," replied the mother, and on they went.

• Children of seven or eight have to take care of their younger brothers and sisters. Even those not more than five or six will be seen carrying babies so heavy that they can barely stagger along under the burden.

The girls in the home have to grind the corn for *tortillas* (corn-cakes), carry water, and help in other ways. The boys also have their tasks, which, however, they shirk as often as possible, and waste their time in gambling, which they seem to like better than anything else.

. In many parts of the country there are no schools, and the children grow up without learning how to read and write; but they soon learn how to lie and steal, and to consider it more hon-

ourable to beg than to work, to be lazy and dirty, and to drink *pulqué*, which makes them drunk and stupid. As a rule, they are not very obedient to their parents,—or to anyone else, for that matter. They often quarrel among themselves, and seem to be always trying to do all the harm or mischief they can to others. But there are some among these children of the poor who are kind, patient, happy, loving little “helpers,” just such as we find in other lands.

What do they play? Boys have marbles and tops, and the “cup and ball” similar to that played by the little Eskimos, only the Mexican way seems simpler. The ball is attached by a string, and the boys try to throw it so as to catch it on either the point or cup end of the stick. Mimic bull-fighting is a great amusement. One boy acts as “bull,” the others wave red handkerchiefs or blankets before the “bull” to anger him, then he darts one way or another to catch his tormentors. On the ranches, lassoing is a great sport. Little boys of four begin by catching the cat or dog with a rope that has a long, open slip-knot. Tabby starts to run, but the boy throws the rope, and pussy is fast by the leg or neck. Chickens, goats, calves, and colts afford the boys plenty of opportunities for practice, so that it is no wonder the Mexicans become so skilful with the lariat. The girls play house and doll as do little girls the world over.

One day I saw some people coming up the

street. First there was a boy about fourteen years old, carrying on his head a long, narrow pine box, painted blue, with white stripes and crosses. Two men followed the boy, and after them came another man, carrying on his head a table covered with a white cloth and strewn with flowers. On the table lay the body of a little girl about seven years old, dressed in white, a wreath of flowers on her head, and a bouquet in her hand. Last came two women and a girl. Can you guess where they were going? To the cemetery. The little girl was dead, and they preferred to carry her that way. At the cemetery the body would be put into the coffin, and the flowers strewn over the grave. That custom is not so common now as it used to be, but can be seen in some places still. Sometimes *cohetes*, or rockets, are fired off on the way to the cemetery, —for what reason it would be hard to tell, unless it be to frighten away evil spirits.

If this article were not already too long, I might say a good deal about the sports connected with different religious feasts. For example, on St. John's Day the little boys are all dressed like soldiers; on the Day of the Dead innumerable toys are on sale in the plazas, representing Death, the devil, skeletons, skulls, coffins, etc., and even the candies and cakes are made in the same hideous shapes. The Saturday following Good Friday, fireworks representing Judas are hung across the streets, and at ten

o'clock are exploded, to the great delight of the children.

Mexico is a strange land, and many are its lights and shadows. To us it seems as though the American boy and girl have a more joyous existence,—far more for which to be thankful than they ever dream of. There is more real sunshine in their lives than can be found anywhere under the sunny skies of this fair southland.

VII

WORK AND PLAY OF A SOUTH AMERICAN BOY

By Captain Paul Bettex, Missionary of the
Salvation Army

WHAT to the young South American pilgrim in this valley of tears will form the item of greatest interest at the outset of life's journey?

The Samoyede maintains that a man's soul is in his stomach, and with him have sided thousands innumerable of all ages, blood, and creed. Inancito, the South American boy, holds with his cousin the Samoyede. From his earliest days he has taken interest in the thin, meagre hearth-fire of sheep-dung or dried cornstalks, or perhaps dried thistles, on which "Mamita" or "Maria" is cooking the daily meal, and anything that is frizzling in the saucepan, or roasting over the wire netting. Of course, one of his first duties, when he comes to speak, is to watch and nurse the fire and the "puchero."

What does he eat? His father is taking care

of a flock of two thousand sheep, scattered over two or three square leagues of camp. About twice a week one of the family goes to the Estamia Station on horseback, and brings back a sheep tied across the horse.

That is the staple food. It is skinned, hung up in fresh air under the "ramada," and Inancito knows better than many a butcher every sinew, every muscle and bone, in its body. He knows how to roast it, too. For a change, there is now and then the meat of a young cow or a bullock. It is mostly roasted over a wire gridiron, or merely have a pair of wires laid across the brasero, or the fireplace.

Then once in a while they may have a punchero,—boiled meat with plenty of vegetables of all kinds, potatoes, tomatoes, sweet potatoes, carrots, turnips, and "achis," or red pepper, with rice or macaroni,—of course, all this only if he has all the ingredients. If not, he often is content with rice or maize cooked in the broth.

Another favourite dish which Doña Elvira and the girls make is "chataca." It is "charque" dried, salted meat, pounded into thin fibres, and mixed with flour,—not a bad thing, and very nourishing, if somewhat heavy. But of all dishes, Inancito likes the "mazamorra,"—a dish the female members of the house heartily dislike, as they have to work like slaves in its preparation. It is maize shelled, ground with a mortar and pestle, boiled in water till soft, then the water

is poured out, and it is served with milk and sugar,—a well-known and daily dish in many a home in the United States, here a feast for the children of the house. “Locro” is one more culinary masterpiece,—shelled maize and meat boiled in the kettle, very wholesome and substantial, and excellent food in winter.

Now you have nearly all the menu of Inancito’s home,—that is, the official dishes. One might mention still that there are flapjacks of flour (not buckwheat) and grease which Inancito’s sister makes as soon as father and mother are gone.

Inancito also knows how to trap partridges and plovers, and to get at their eggs. He knows all the ostriches in the neighbourhood personally, and where to get their eggs, too, and an ostrich egg is not a bad dinner even for a very hungry boy. When he can get ammunition, he soon learns to “borrow” his father’s musket, and bags a few wild ducks, or he stalks a peludo (armadillo), something halfway between lobster and chicken, to the taste, while to the sight representing an antediluvian animal.

He has also plenty of fruit growing in the orchards of his neighbours,—azar, wild myrtle, wild and sweet oranges, peaches, apples, pears, figs, and grapes, oranges being the cheapest and most popular. He scarcely knows the taste of bread. Around the roof of his home are hanging ears of corn to dry. When he feels that way inclined, he throws one in the fire and roasts it.

Of course, Inancito has by this time learned to help his father in the camp work. He knows from practical experience how to tie the oxen to the yoke, and guide them through the maizal (or patch of maize) which his father owns at a short distance from the house. He knows how to lasso a horse, and how to climb on top of it by utilising its left foreleg and mane. He rides bareback, or with a sheepskin only, and, of course, he rides well. There is a secret understanding between horse and rider. I have witnessed a little fellow of six years sitting, like a fly on an elephant, on a huge horse, and racing the Buenos Aires and Mendoza express across country, altogether not quite as unsuccessfully as one would have imagined,—this from one station to the other. He comes to know all about horses, cattle, pigs, and sheep,—how to treat and tame them, how to cure them and feed them. In fact, what he doesn't know about horses is not worth knowing.

To lasso a bull and kill him, and to "bolear" a young potro (wild horse), are his daily and favourite occupations.

His chief education consists in what English people out here call "camp work." The first work of day is to bring in and catch his horses. Now horses here are all running free in paddocks of from five to ten miles square, except one or two horses tied up at the house. One of them he mounts, bareback mostly, and heads for where

he expects to find the "tropilla," or herd of horses. As soon as he gets in sight of them, the animals begin to move. Inancito gives a war-whoop and twirls his "boleadoras" around his head; the animals fall into gallop, and go for the corral of stakes close to the house. Of course, every now and then a rebel horse tries to break, for horses fear work as much as men. However, Inancito and his horse know all about it, and soon the herd is all in the corral. The boy jumps off his perspiring and steaming horse, closes the corral gate, and, with his lasso, selects the horses required for the day's work. Then he saddles: first, a lot of old canvas bags, then an ornate saddle leather, thirdly the recado (a wooden leather-covered roof-shaped saddle); over this a few sheepskins and an overgirth constitute his saddle-gear and outfit.

Now he is ready for his day's work, be it mind-ing sheep, or going to school, or whatever falls to his lot. In time of shearing or dipping he is, of course, very much in demand, and from a very early age counts as a wage-earner, and earns his salary like the rest. Branding colts and calves is an important moment in the year's round, too. But in his eyes shearing or dipping comes first. Have you seen eighty or a hundred shearers, in the full blaze of an Argentine sun, shear away for life from sunrise to night? Or, have you seen some twenty thousand sheep dipped in a couple of days? There is work in that. You see, our

young friend is scarcely ever a "child"; the Spanish language has no word that would serve as an equivalent for our noun. He is a "little man." Premature he is in everything,—alas! in too many things; specially quick, sharp, and practical,—a child never. His black, beady eyes, with the sharp sting of the snake in their look, do not see the light that never was on land or sea; pleasure of a tangible kind—money, "diversions," dancing and drinking—are for him the "chief end of man."

Still, of course, in this world all is relative, and there are a few games and sports he has in common with other boys.

He goes to school sometimes, if there is a school within two or three leagues, or six or nine miles, from his home. Rather, he rides to school. The school-house is often—too often—in close proximity to a saloon, and quite a few instances are present in my mind where the schoolmaster was at the same time the publican.

At school, if he is lucky, he learns to spell out a newspaper, or, perhaps, even to write a letter. Then he is an authority on all things knowable—and a few more—in the neighbourhood. The great attraction in school for him is to play tricks on his master, with whom, after all, he is not on bad terms, and on his schoolfellows. He prepares for the real races later on in life by racing his comrades to and from school.

Of course, he has nearly always a pony of his

own, and mighty proud he is of it! But do not believe that he takes the same friendly or "chummy" interest in him that a Northern boy would. The horse to him is a means to an end. Even to the South American youth, and more so to the adult, there is a deep cleft fixed between the animal and the man. To compare a man to a lion or an eagle would be a grievous insult. Proverbs such as "Every dog has his day," if literally translated into Spanish, would, in a South American party, evoke a silence of disapproval that would distinctly be heard at a distance. The English allusion of the "grey mare" being the better of the span would appear indecent to our South American. There is no friendship between him and the animal. The ties of sympathy that bound Adam to the subjects of his wide realm in Paradise have been broken, and, as it seems, almost hopelessly broken. There is no race that has so much to do with animals as the South American; yet no race, to my knowledge, has less sympathy or fellow-feeling for animals.

Of the dogs that are so numerous about his father's ranch, young South America owns at least one,—often quite a pack. They follow him in camp, drive the sheep, guard the house, and so on. But the friendship that exists between an English or North American boy and his dog is almost altogether unknown here. Fancy a South American dog dying for his master! The idea is altogether inadmissible.

Bare or meagre as are his pastimes, still sometimes Inancito plays. Among his playthings the first and next to his heart are *bolitas* (marbles). Humanity is ever alike. He plays at marbles. The gambling instinct is in the blood. For him gambling is the chief incentive in marbles, and gamble he does. Betting and gambling are his pride. He bets on marbles, he bets on ponies, he bets on horses, as soon as he has a cent to be pitted on something.

There is the *tromps*, or top. He whips his top as elegantly as any boy in the neighbourhood. Still you could not say that he is passionately fond of it. He takes his pleasure with the *blasé* air of a dude, the calm that is bred in the bone of the Mongol.

Then there is the kite. On the wide, open plains there is almost always some wind, and the youth of both sexes are fond of their kite. It ought to be of gaudy colours to derive the name of tip-top kite. And when *tata* is in very good spirits, he might, perhaps, for once, be seen to fly Inancito's kite for him, when nobody is about looking on.

VIII

CHILD LIFE IN BRAZIL

By M. P. D.

COME with me to beautiful Rio. See its sparkling bay, its green and purple hills, its lovely flowering trees and queer little crooked business streets. Let us take a street-car and go to the Botanical Gardens, to look down the noble, almost endless, avenues of royal palms. Then we will enter a little train, and climb the hump-backed mountain. It is sufficiently frightful to go up, but coming down fairly takes our breath away, though someone says there are little safety notches in the mechanism, so that the engine could not possibly run away with us.

Now let us visit one of these houses on Orange Tree Hill. The road is winding and stony. We enter a pretty garden. Here are quantities of roses, bright foliage plants; delicate mimosas, with their downy little yellow balls; lovely acacias, with brilliant flowers; a great tree of the delicious little flower of the emperor—but, dear

me! we must hurry to go in, we must not stay all day in the garden.

We clap our hands, and a solemn, very polite black woman ushers us into the parlour. There is no carpet, because Rio is so hot; but there are handsome great mats, and huge tiger-skins with glass eyes which seem to gaze at us. Pretty lace curtains wave in the soft breeze. We walk to the company end, where is a cane-seat sofa, surrounded by chairs socially disposed; and we gaze at gay artificial flowers, or a pair of big ants dressed like bride and groom, or through the window at the bay glittering in the sunlight.

Presently the lady of the house enters,—a fine-looking, rather stout person, with a wealth of glossy black hair. She greets us with the customary cordiality, a light kiss on either cheek. Soon black coffee is served. In troop the children, not in the clothes of small men and women for the street, but, as it were, in undress costume, the smaller ones in comfortable little tunics and slippered feet; and small Pedro absolutely declines even the tunic, careering about at home as though in the Garden of Eden. In turn the children advance, give a limp hand to the visitors, sit down quietly for a time, and then slip out.

We are invited to take off our hats. Shall we? Yes. They are put in the small windowless bedroom off the great parlour, and we are conducted to the spacious breezy dining-room or verandah. "Will one of the ladies have the hammock?"

Little Néné is easily coaxed to come and swing in the hammock, while our hostess excuses herself for a few minutes. "What do you do, Néné?"

"We had a *festa* last week, and I walked in the procession as a little angel. I had a white dress, and little, tight, high-heeled slippers, and fluffy white wings on my shoulders, and my hair was curled, and they gave me a cornucopia full of candy. But oh! it was hot and dusty, and my shoes pinched dreadfully. My sister Sinhá was a virgin, and wore a long white veil, and helped to carry the platform of Our Lady."

"How many sisters have you?"

"Five, and mama's little god-child. Her mother died, and she lives with us. We had a doll baptism yesterday. Sinhá was the *padre*, and Eduarda the god-mother, and we had such fun! But I like it best in the country. We go on the train. Then the horses meet us. One of papa's men carries me, and the two little ones ride in great baskets slung either side of a mule. All the rest have horses. When we meet a troop of pack mules, papa brandishes his arms to make the god-mother turn out——"

"The what?"

"The god-mother, the front mule, that has a little bell on its neck—and all the rest follow her. There is a place in the woods where we always stop to have lunch. There is a pretty brook near. We carry chicken and pork, and a capital hash

fried in fat and mixed with farina, and we have a variety of hard little biscuit and fruit. At one house we stay all night. At whatever time we come the people make us welcome, and leave everything else to get us a big dinner. Sometimes eleven or twelve of us womenkind sleep in the same room, windows and doors shut tight, and, if it is cold, our heads under the bed-clothes. My cousin goes to the American school in São Paulo, and she says that the American ladies make the girls sleep with the door open. I'd be afraid of a phantom, or dead person, or something. When we get almost home we pass through a little city. The girls' school there is such fun! There are lots of girls crammed into a little room, and all studying aloud. If anyone stops to play, the teacher cries out '*Ts-s-s-i-u!*' and if the girl does not behave herself soon, the teacher takes off her slipper and gives her a whack.

"We have such fun on the plantation! We get up early, and drink milk fresh from the cow. We have twenty-four kinds of fruit on our place. We hunt pine-nuts, and eat jaboticabas,—black plums growing right on the trunk of the tree, without any stem,—and we ride on horseback, and sometimes fly a parrot."

"A what?"

"A parrot,—a thing made of paper, with a tail and a string. The last time I was at the plantation, my little cousin died. Her mother

cried dreadfully, and put on her oldest clothes, and did not brush her hair. The next morning six of us girls carried the little angel to the chapel near. The lid of the white coffin was only put on after we reached the chapel. She wore her prettiest dress, a blue one, and gay artificial flowers were scattered all about her. My big brother sent up rockets all the way, and our plantation band played such pretty music, sometimes slow and sad, and sometimes merry! We left her at the chapel. My mother said to my aunt, 'It is much better so. It is difficult to bring up children, and you have now one less to trouble you.'

But while I have been listening to Néné, I was deaf and blind to everything else, and here you are with your bonnet on, ready to go. So we take leave of our gracious hostess, who, with little approach to a university education, has somehow developed into a charming woman. I embrace dear, chatty little Néné, and off we go. I put my hand out as you step off briskly, and utter the magic words soonest learned in Brazil, "Patience," "Wait a little," or, as heedless childhood often heard, "Make haste slowly."

IX

INDIAN CHILD LIFE IN BRAZIL

By M. P. D.

IMAGINE a queer hut on a hill. It is made of four upright poles and a dried-grass roof. In the centre is a fire, day and night. Around the fire are trunks of trees, pointing toward it, which serve as seats, tables, and beds. Here a little Indian opens his eyes on this world. His small nose is pressed flat,—why, I do not know,—and he is thrown into a river, poor little man, then put into a basket made of wild vines. In this basket the proud father puts a little bow and arrows, lance, and tomahawk. The little boy gets plenty of fresh air!

At cock-crowing, all in the wigwam get up and go to the river for a bath, then come back and wait in silence the order of the cacique for the day. The orders are promptly obeyed. At breakfast they have raw fish or game, honey or fruits, sometimes beans, and a cake made of rotten corn, which has a frightful odour. The sober little baby in his basket sees his mother, dressed in gay beads and a little apron, weaving

little pieces of cloth out of thistles, or making pottery, which she understands better than Robinson Crusoe. The father rubs a long leaf in his hands, from which he makes a slender, elastic cord, to be woven into a hammock or fishing-net. Or he makes a strong bow and arrows, as tall as himself, carving them delicately and painting them. The point of the arrow is of monkey-bone or iron. He makes, also, long lances for hunting or war. Sometimes a neighbour comes in, sits down by the person he likes best, and does not speak until something to eat is offered, when a dignified conversation begins; the others now and then nod, and exclaim, "Hé!"

By-and-by the little brown Indian is big enough to run about and play with the chickens, tame raccoons, monkeys, etc., and with the many lean dogs that are the delight of his father, but are never fed, poor things! This little boy is not troubled with clothes, you know, unless for a long tramp in the woods, when his legs are wound about with thongs to defend them from snake-bites. He admires the wonderful skill of his father, who shoots a great arrow up, up, till it disappears in the blue sky, and then comes down exactly where he chooses, between two toes on his slender foot or halving an orange. He listens to stories of the various ways to trap game—the covered hole with a cord and heavy stick to fall at a touch, the rude fence with a trap-gate, the long deep ditch covered with branches.

He longs to go fishing, and drag through the water something like a butterfly catcher, or throw the broad net with little weights on one side and corks on the other, that takes in many and then closes. The easiest way of all, when the river is narrow, is to build a dam, crush a poisonous herb into the water above, and thus kill hundreds of the fish at once; nobody minds their dying poisoned, but as many as possible are eaten, and the rest spread out to dry—not salted!

It is rough fun to take part in the game where a number of Indians divide into two parties and throw at each other, with force and precision, sticks about a foot and a half long. Oh, but it hurts when it hits!

In mosquito time, they smear themselves with a gummy substance. Sometimes four or five families go a journey of many leagues to a town of whites, chiefly to get dogs and guns—by hook or by crook. The poor mothers, bent almost double, carry babies and bundles by a strap passed from forehead to back. Not even city thieves are more expert in getting what does not belong to them than these children of the woods.

When a bright star appears near the moon, the first marriage of the year is celebrated. The young man must follow his father-in-law everywhere, and obey him, or lose his wife. When the wife gets old she may be traded off for a younger one. If the man is very brave, he may have more than one wife.

But one day our Indian is very ill. His poor body is bound tight with thongs, and under him are herbs on coals—maybe the smoke will do him good! Some old people come in and blow at him with their lips, for the Great Spirit is like wind. It is not quite certain where he lives, perhaps in the sun or moon. If it thunders and lightens, the old people stop blowing. They think the Great Spirit is angry and the man will die. He seems worse. The women cry aloud. He is dead.

Three men wrap him up in cloth and carry him to a great grave lined with leaves. They put him in half the tree-trunk on which he used to sleep, with his face toward the west. Under his head are his plumes. At his right are his arms and a burning torch. Cross-sticks above and the other half of his tree-trunk bed keep the earth from touching him. The men return to their huts without speaking. The wives of the dead Indian shut themselves into a separate hut for eight days, and at morning, noon, and sunset cry aloud over their loss. The others busy themselves getting up a feast to celebrate his praises. They mix corn, pine-nuts, and honey to make a sort of brandy. If the pieces do not dissolve fast enough, they take them out of the cauldrons, chew them well, and throw them in again!

At the end of the eight days, a horn sounds. All the Indians of the tribe gather in the hut of the parents of their comrade. All are painted



BRAZILIAN INDIAN BOY

black. All are silent. They seat themselves in files on either side of the fire, which extends through the middle of the hut. The women sit behind the men. The cacique, in a monotonous voice, sings the funeral dirge. All the women cry. The men offer food and brandy to the guests. Suddenly all rise, singing and dancing in perfect time, around the fire, each holding in his hand a green branch or a painted staff.

This continues until the brandy is gone, perhaps five or six hours. Then the men, hot and grimy, rush to the river, and the funeral rites are over.

X

CHILD LIFE IN JAPAN

By Mrs. J. C. Hepburn

CHILD life in every land possesses much to interest the historian, philanthropist, and traveller. There is something fascinating about children which one does not feel for the grown-up man or woman. The helplessness and artlessness of babyhood and childhood appeal to all that is good in our natures. Their innocence, trustfulness, and even naughtiness, cannot fail to interest those even who have lived long enough to forget they were once children. This makes child life in different countries a subject of interest. It depends so much upon the customs, mode of life, habits, and culture of a country, that these must be taken into the account in describing it. Nothing is more true than that child life everywhere is influenced and modified by its environment.

The Japanese are a social people, living for the most part clustered together in villages, towns, and cities, seldom in isolated homes or separated far from each other. Their houses are frame build-

ings, generally of one story, or a story and a half, consisting of three or four rooms, separated by sliding paper partitions. The floors are covered with soft mats, kept clean and neat, no one being allowed to walk on them except with clean or stocking feet. They sit, eat, and sleep on them. Their rooms have neither chairs nor tables, nor, indeed, furniture of any kind, nor ornamentation except a vase of flowers, or hanging scroll containing a stanza of poetry, an aphorism in Chinese, or flowery sketch, nor have they chimneys or fireplaces to warm them in cold weather. The house is open in the daytime, and shut with thin sliding doors at night.

Perhaps in no country opened to intercourse with the outside world in recent times has the subject of its child life been more noticed and written about by travellers and tourists than that of Japan. Sometimes the description of its "wee ones" is so highly coloured that one forgets the children in the gorgeousness of the language in which they are described. I do not think the civilisation and Christianity brought of late years into Japan have as yet affected the ways and customs of dealing with children, as some seem to think and dread. After more than thirty years' residence among the Japanese in Japan, I see but little, if any, change in the manner of dealing with their children, especially among the poor or middle classes. Now, as then, the Japanese baby is greeted on its advent into the world with the

same instinctive maternal love and care as is natural to our race, is washed, wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid on its *futon*, or quilt, with a little pillow covered with some pink-coloured material, is tended by its nurse, and begins to draw its sustenance from its mother. She, pale and weak, is kept in a sitting posture for one week, and is only allowed gradually to assume the horizontal after three weeks. The mother holds the infant in her arms, fondles and applies its little face to her cheek, but does not kiss it; for kissing is not a Japanese custom. (There is no word for "kiss" in the language; a word to express it had to be coined when the Bible was translated.) The garments in which the little one is clothed are very simple,—all straight and open in front, have the usual large sleeve, and are tied by a band around the waist. No pins, buttons, or tapes are required for fastening.

As in most nations, if the newcomer is a boy he is perhaps more welcome than a girl, as it is he that is to learn the business of the family inherited from previous generations, become the stay and representative of the house, and continue the family name; or, if a second son, of being adopted into some good or wealthy family as a son-in-law, and thus strengthen and enlarge the family influence. But if a girl, she is received with the same affection, and is regarded as a possible means—if beautiful and attractive,

and by entering the harem of a lord or wealthy person—of advancement to the family in social position.

• Japanese mothers have usually enough nourishment for their children. There is no troublesome weaning time, for the little ones are allowed to nurse till they wean themselves at from two to five years of age. It is not an uncommon thing to see a little fellow leave his play, run to his mother, and, standing or kneeling, receive nourishment as a child in arms. She does not scold or send him away hungry. This long-continued nursing may be owing to the want of any suitable food for infants in the shape of milk of animals. Young children are always carried strapped on the back of the nurse, who is generally an older sister or brother, even from the time when it is a few days old. It is not uncommon to see a little one of four or five years carrying a child on its back almost as large as itself. If the child cries, its nurse shakes it up and down, and often, not knowing how to hush it, cries too. Children are never rocked in a cradle. Mothers work with their babies strapped on their backs, their hands and arms being thus left free. This mode of carrying children no doubt accounts for the unshapely legs, bent figures, and want of fine physique, so often met with among the Japanese.

Children live much out of doors, only going into the house to eat and sleep, or for protection

from rain. They are not noisy, nor rough in their sports, and seldom quarrel. Boys and girls always play separately; boys with tops, flying kites, theatricals, etc.; girls with dolls, which, like babies, they carry on their backs, with battle-door and shuttlecock and balls. These they vary every month. They have a great variety of toys for babies and older children, too numerous to mention. A large proportion of children die at an early age. A family of more than three children is not often seen. This may in a measure be accounted for by the mode of carrying them strapped on the back, feet dangling, and the bare, shaven head exposed to the broiling sun. This early mortality among the little ones is not for want of devotion on the part of the parents, but from insufficient knowledge of how to care for them. Kissing and handshaking are unknown in a family, but bowing and other rules of etiquette are early taught children. It is amusing to see how very young children get down on their hands and knees when told to salute a friend. Corporal punishment is seldom inflicted. It is said to be interdicted by public opinion. I have never seen a child whipped by a parent. Sometimes a mother will slap a child, and the child I have seen slap back. Obedience to parents is not a virtue diligently taught to children; they appear to be left very much to follow their own sweet will. It may be this added to the outdoor life that has led to Japan

being called so often the "Paradise of Children." Says one of the best writers on Japan: "On this point [children's sports] no nation has carried things so far as the Japanese. Here parents themselves become children, and amuse themselves just as much with flying kites, spinning tops, etc., for the child's pleasure." He says it is a "pretty sight on a sunny afternoon, at a time when some favourite flower is in full bloom, in beautifully situated tea-houses, inns, or temple grounds, to see crowds of people going out in holiday attire in family parties; peace and happiness reflected in the faces of the young and old, the parents engaged in amusing their children, in sharing their games, and providing them with sweetmeats,—they take only sips of a weak infusion of tea, and a little pipe."

Large families in Japan are the exception, not the rule. The newborn child receives its name on the seventh day. When it is thirty days old, it is gaily dressed, and carried by its mother to a temple, where she offers a piece of money. The baby is then taken round among relatives and friends to introduce it, and show off its pretty gaily-coloured clothes, and to receive congratulations. When it is four months old, a new part of its life begins. It is now clothed as an adult; a festival is observed on the eleventh day of the eleventh month, from which time only a few places on his head are shaved. When he arrives at the age of fifteen, he becomes a man, changes

his name, the fashion of his hair, and is thought old enough to marry. The girl is supposed to have a good education when she can read and write the *hiragana*,—the plain Japanese character,—do a sum on the *soroban*, or abacus, and thoroughly learn the tasks and duties appropriate to her sex. She is taught to play the *samisen*, or guitar, and sometimes the *koto*, or harp, also to manage domestic affairs, and arrange flowers in vases. A girl's training is more for the use of her fingers and hands, such as handling threads, folding paper into shapes of animals and many animate and inanimate objects. Instead of our mode of playing the game of marbles, girls play with small shells.

In the nursery, intelligence and imagination are nourished and ambition excited by the children's being told the story of Kukai, a great scholar and saint, who invented the Japanese syllabary, and scared away evil spirits by writing in the air a verse from the Buddhist scriptures so cleverly that a golden crown grew around every letter; also how Ono-no Sofu learned patience from the frog which persevered in its attempts to climb a willow branch.

Christianity and Western civilisation have doubtless modified many of these old customs. Still, child life in Japan is much the same as it has been for ages past.

XI

NEW YEAR'S DAY WITH CHINESE BOYS AND GIRLS

By the Rev. Frederic Poole

THE Chinese boys and girls—especially the boys—get lots of fun out of their yearly festivals, and the little urchins look forward to their holiday times with as much glee and happiness as does Young America to the Fourth of July, Decoration Day, Washington's Birthday, Christmas, and New Year's.

There is the Lantern Festival, when all turn out to witness the brilliant display, for the whole country is ablaze with the light of thousands of paper lanterns made in all sorts of fancy shapes. Then there is the Moon Festival, when they worship the moon, and the little pigtailed boy and his chubby, small-footed sister look up and see, not a man, but a toad, in the moon; for there is a story of a beautiful Chinese lady who drank some medicine which would keep her free from death, and then went to the moon, where she was turned into a toad, and ever since the Chinese have seen a "toad in the moon."

But perhaps the chief reason why the little folks in China look forward to the Moon Festival is because they get all they want of those little moon-shaped cakes which are made only for this occasion. They are very prettily decorated, but oh! so awfully indigestible that the next day the little fellows who are suffering from stomach-ache are apt to think that there was a toad in the cake instead of the moon.

The Chinese boys and girls may never have heard of George Washington and the holiday we keep in memory of the Father of his Country, but they know all about a wise and good Chinese official who lived about four hundred and fifty years before our first Christmas, and who was scolded and degraded by an ungrateful Emperor, so that in sorrow and disgrace he drowned himself. Well, his body was never found; and so, to keep his memory, the Chinese, once a year, ever since, have had a Dragon Boat Festival, and the children go out in swarms to see the long boat processions on the rivers, and to watch the offerings of rice and other foods as they are placed on the waters for the benefit of the spirit of the lost minister of state.

But the great day of all days for the children in China is New Year's Day. I think, if you were to ask a little Chinese boy what he meant by "New Year's," he would say, "Noise, and plenty of it." For weeks the Chinese are preparing for this great event. Houses are cleaned, and the

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shopkeeper looks forward to it with great satisfaction, because he knows that his customers, if they have any self-respect, will be sure to pay their debts before the new year; for it is considered a great disgrace to start the new year in debt.

The Chinese know nothing about Christmas, because, you know, that beautiful holiday belongs only to Christian countries.

By the way, boys, ask your father which comes first, Christmas or New Year's. He is sure to say "Christmas," and then you can laugh, and tell him that he is wrong.

Well, New Year's ever comes first in China, just as it does here, and, dear me, what a time of frolic and nervous expectancy it is for the little slant-eyed boys and girls! Lots of firecrackers are laid by in readiness, but none must be let off before the proper time.

Nobody goes to bed that night, but all sit up waiting for the first hour of the new day, when the father, and his wife and little ones, all worship before the spirit tables of their ancestors, and then at the shrine of the household gods.

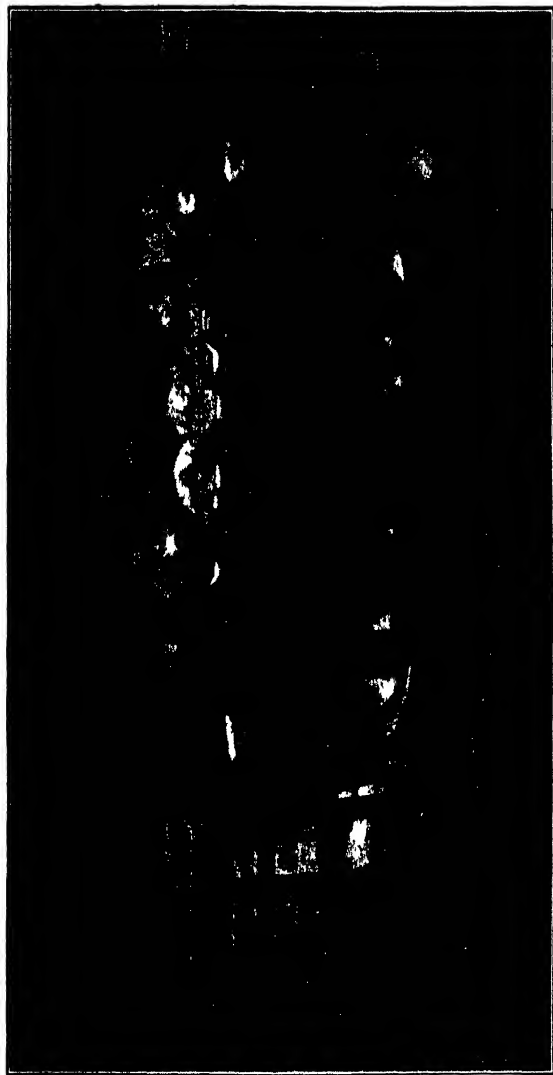
Then the door is opened, and the whole family and servants go outside and bow down to a certain part in the heavens which has been indicated in the Chinese calendar, and so worship heaven and earth, and receive the spirit of gladness and good fortune, which, they say, comes from that quarter of the heavens.

Then the noise begins, and when I was in China I often used to think that it was a good thing that the country was so big, for every one of the four hundred millions is setting off fire-crackers at the same time. This is to frighten away evil spirits, and I have thought many a time that those spirits must have a bad time of it during the dawn of the Chinese New Year. If the Chinese had been present at the time that Admiral Sampson's guns had their bad coughing-spell before the hills of Santiago on a certain day in July, they would have clapped their hands, and cried, "Good, good! Just like our New Year's!"

Yet, notwithstanding the noise, I always liked the New Year's in China, for after the first day the noise stops, and the shops are all closed for one or two weeks, for it is unlucky to do business during the birth of the new year (except at the back door,—but don't say anything about this).

Then, too, we Americans could walk along the streets for once in the year feeling sure that nobody would curse us, or call us "foreign devils," for it is unlucky to use that bad word at such a happy time. Dear me, how I did wish that New Year's would last twelve months!

But the first day has come, and the little Chinese children get ready to enjoy it for all it is worth. They are dressed in their best and gaudiest clothes, which are only worn on this occasion.



A CHINESE TEA PARTY

The father has got from the pawn-shop his finest silk gowns, which that obliging "relative" has taken good care of during the past twelve months, and, thus splendidly attired, the proud father and his little boys start out on a little visiting trip to his relatives and friends, to "*Kung Hi, Fah Tsoi*,"—wish them a happy new year and many riches.

"What," you say, "don't the little girls go too?"

No; they must stay at home, because the little girl is not so important as her brother, and besides, she would have difficulty in walking far in her tiny "golden lily" shoes, which do not measure more than three inches in length.

But what a day it is for the little boy! He has already got his first present when Santa Claus, that is to say, the boy's father (same thing, you see, as in this country), gave him a little string of copper cash tied on a red cord; for it is unlucky to start the new year without any money in your pocket, and that is something both you and I agree with,—isn't it?

But our little Chinese boy could never carry home all the money that is given to him, for it is the custom for everyone whom he visits to give him presents of money, as well as candy and cakes. Of course, the father takes charge of this,—I mean the money,—and I have often wondered if his little son ever sees his money presents again. I really think that a little Chinese

boy must be a good investment for his father on New Year's Day in China.

But the visiting is soon over, and then the little Chinaman is off, sometimes with his sister, to see the sights in the streets. They look at the peep-shows and the Punch-and-Judy shows,—which, by the way, is a Chinese invention. They spin their tops and fly their kites, until the sound of gongs and drums tells them that there is a theatre or a juggling-show somewhere near, and off they go, and soon are to be found in the front row, clapping their hands in childish glee at the funny antics of the performers, until the man comes round with the hat, and then there is a patter of small feet as the youngsters scurry away, for the Chinese boys have no use for the hat,—like some other boys I know.

But twilight finds the tired little folks at home, for they are afraid to be out at dark; and little John Chinaman closes the day in eating sweet-meats, or in taking his turn at beating the unmusical gong, or in diving among the mass of red paper in the courtyard, where the fireworks were let off by his father and big brothers, in the search for unexploded single crackers, which he at once puts to their proper use, until, tired out with his day's exertions, he is put to bed, and is soon sound asleep, dreaming of cakes and candy, copper cash, and Punch-and-Judy shows, and “Cr-cr-cr-crack—bing—bang—boom!”

XII

CHILD LIFE IN THE LAO

By Mrs. E. B. McGilvary

WHEN a little brown baby first opens its black eyes to the light in the Lao country of North Siam, it does not find waiting for it a number of dainty little garments, such as even the poorest American mother tries to provide for her little one, for to have anything prepared beforehand would be considered unlucky by a Lao mother. Besides, clothes for babies are regarded as a superfluous luxury, so that the little creature is wrapped in any old piece of cloth that happens to be available, such as a bit of its mother's old skirt, or its father's loin-cloth, and is laid in a nest of old rags on the bamboo floor of the house. Sometimes, indeed, it has a cradle hung from the roof, either made of bamboo splints woven to form an oval basket, or made with square corners, the bottom and upper rim being of teakwood, and the sides of cord knotted to form meshes like those of a large fish-net. From the time the children are born until they are well-grown boys and girls, they

scarcely ever have to wear any clothes when playing about at home. They seem to like clothes as little as an American small boy likes an overcoat, and apparently so much enjoy the freedom with which they can play equally well on land or in the water, that they would rather be cold, and sit crouched up, hugging themselves to keep warm, than put on any garments.

• A little child is too well dressed to need clothes if its little naked body is stained yellow with turmeric, and streaked or smeared with little dabs of lime or powder, and if its hair is adorned with a flower, its neck with a chain, its wrists with bracelets, and its ankles with anklets of hammered silver from a quarter of an inch to an inch in diameter. When the children are older, they dress just as grown people do. The little girl wears a scant little skirt striped round and round in different colours, and having a deep hem of dark brown. This is twisted in a knot, to confine it at the waist, and falls to the ankles. A gay cotton scarf is often worn about the shoulders.

The boys' costume consists of a long strip of bright-coloured silk or cotton cloth fastened around the waist by a light knot in front, while the long ends are twisted together, brought up between the legs, and tucked in at the waist behind. The general effect is that of a sort of full trousers reaching about to the knee. When boys reach the age of about fourteen, they are tattooed

CHILD LIFE IN LAO



fantastically from knee to waist with black ink, in a pattern of more or less elaborate design.

• For the first few months of a child's life its head is kept closely shaved, for the purpose of strengthening and improving the growth of the hair; and then, after the hair comes in thick and strong, it is allowed to grow, and is arranged exactly as their parents arrange their own hair. It is oiled and tied in a beautiful little knot at the back of the head, if the child be a girl; or, if a boy, his hair is cut "pompadour," and stands up all over his head like the back of a shoe-brush.

• Many of the children are exceedingly pretty, with their soft brown skins, bright black eyes, and rich red lips; but their beauty is soon impaired by the constant use of cigarettes and the habit of chewing betel-nut, which discolours and shrivels the lips and blackens the teeth. Sometimes a mother may be seen taking a wad of betel out of her mouth and putting it in the mouth of the little baby she is carrying astride her hip.

• The food of the country is curry and glutinous rice, and it seems to make fine strong children, although often the coarseness of the food makes the stomach large and prominent, and it is possible that many a tiny baby does not survive a long course of the pap made of rice and bananas steamed and pounded to a paste, with which the poor mite is fed whose mother's milk fails.

There are very few toys among this people, and there does not seem to be such a thing as a Lao doll; but the children play with anything they can find, and are perfectly delighted with the simplest foreign toy. They have, however, a number of games, something like "Tag," "Prisoner's Base," "Hop Scotch," "Bean Bags," and other out-of-door games, which they like very much, and play at certain seasons, as our children do. Kite-flying is very popular at times, and exceedingly pretty kites do they make, in fancy shapes. A favourite game among the boys is a sort of football, which is played with a light ball of woven bamboo basket-work. The object of this game seems to be to keep the ball going as long as possible without letting it once drop to the ground. It is struck with foot, knee, shoulder, arm, head, or any portion of the body except the hand, which it is not considered fair to use much; and in this game, as in the majority of their games, they have no score, and no one seems to win anything except the applause which greets a good stroke.

Games, however, are perhaps not the most popular amusement, for there is nothing that a Lao child enjoys quite so much as fishing, whether it be with hook and line, with spear, nets, or scoops. In playing, the children speak a queer language of their own, bearing the same relation to Lao that the jargon called by children "Pig Latin" does to English.

It is very hard for a foreigner—even one who speaks Lao well—to understand what the children say to each other, as their speech is so full of the peculiar child idiom, and of terms used in play. The Lao people are very good to children, and are seldom guilty of any cruelty to them, although, when they are angry, they sometimes punish them quite severely. The children generally show by their freedom from restraint and fear that they are accustomed to be treated gently. As a rule, they seem to be included in all the family councils, and as they usually sit up to all hours of the night, and hear and see everything that is going on, there is not much that concerns their elders which they do not know.

But, though they are sadly spoiled in some ways, and though their parents seem to take no pains to help them overcome faults of character, and rarely seem to have perfect control over their actions, yet the public opinion is so strong against unfilial behaviour that the older children seldom outrage their parents' feelings by any flagrant act of disobedience, and the children are far from being the least useful part of the community. From the time the child is a mere baby it is accustomed to more or less responsibility. The little ones can help care for the last baby, and often the most disagreeable task, such as the dirtiest bit of washing, is given to the smallest child to do. But, as fast as the child grows up, it seems to shift its tasks upon those younger,

so that sometimes one hears of the older people sleeping late, while the little children get up and cook the rice which is to serve the family for meals all day.

The children take the buffaloes to and from pasture, and may often be seen, two or three together, mounted on the back of one of these clumsy beasts, which they guide by a cord passed through its nose. They help in the rice-fields and in the vegetable gardens. Often a very small child does all the marketing for the family, both taking care of the few articles they wish to sell and purchasing the materials for the family curry. The children are taught how to weave cloth and make baskets, and do many useful things, but they get very little book knowledge. Very few girls can read or write, and only boys who have been in the priesthood know anything of such accomplishments; but as one boy at least out of almost every heathen family is put into the priesthood for a short time, in order to make merit for his parents, more children do read and write than one would imagine under the circumstances.

A child is controlled, not only by his parents, but by all his relatives, more or less, especially by the oldest brother of his mother. This uncle is consulted in all matters which relate to the child, and really seems, at times, to have more authority than the parents themselves. A boy or girl does not dare marry without this oldest uncle's

consent, and, if he disapproves of any plan, it is generally given up, even if the parents approve. It is hard to tell where childhood in Lao ends, and manhood or womanhood begins; for, as long as they live, the parents have great authority over their children, and the children are sometimes treated like mere infants long after they are grown and are parents themselves.

XIII

CHILD LIFE AMONG THE KARENS

By Calista V. Luther

THE first thing that strikes the visitor to a Karen village is the number of pariah dogs and of children. The man who said that the more he saw of children the better he liked dogs, did not live in Burmah. The children are not particularly attractive, but they are ideal and cherubic as compared with the dogs,—mongrel yellow curs, with wolfish aspect, rushing out at the newcomer with wild and vociferous barking, and, with the courage of numbers, appearing about to tear him limb from limb. A threatening gesture, however, and a “Hi, tweel!” (“Hence, dogs!”) will cause every tail to drop, and the owner to run howling into the bushes as if he had been struck. Not infrequently, one more courageous than the rest will steal up from behind, heroically hoping for an unobserved nip at the visitor’s leg, but a sudden whirl around will send him off yelping as if he had been shot instead of only jumped at. The children, at the first alarm, swarm up into the houses and peer

down from the high verandahs, or, failing to accomplish this, they retreat behind some bush or tree, or, clinging fast to their mothers' skirts, set up a "dry howl," as Kipling calls it, while they gaze curiously at the creature with the white face, long nose, and queer garments, who has so suddenly swooped down upon them.

Speaking of garments, the clothing of these same Karen children, before the advent of the missionaries, was of the most simple and ingenious kind. Simplicity and adaptability to the environment mark the habits and clothing of most Eastern people; but they are quick to copy the ways of the "white foreigners," and whether the change in each case is for the better or not must be left to individual judgment. Most of the fabrics woven by the Karen women are of coarse material and of many colours; but the garments of the children up to the age of twelve or fourteen are all of the same colour and fine weave,—a soft rich brown, in beautiful harmony with their tawny complexions. The adults, both male and female, wear loose and flowing garments; but the children, even the infants, are dressed in tightly fitting little suits made of a more elastic material than even our Jersey cloth. It is waterproof; it never shrinks in the washing or fades in the sun; its elasticity is so great that garments made from it are never outgrown, and it is so durable that it never wears out. A Karen urchin may be as dirty as sin, but he is never ragged. He is never

out at the elbows or at the knees; he never has to be sent to bed while his poor mother mends his clothes; and as the children stand before you, each in his snugly fitting brown suit, without seam or wrinkle, you devoutly wish that Eve had never eaten the apple.

Children are named according to the slightest whim of the parents or friends. Some of these names are beautiful, while others are perpetual reminders of what had better be forgotten. Mr. Golden Flower, Miss Moon Flower, Miss Star Flower, Mr. Golden Eye, Mr. Golden Star, Mr. Kiss, Miss Grow Better, Miss Good Child, are examples of the former, while Messrs. Black, White, Red Man, Yellow Eye, Big Head, Wide Ears, Long Tooth, Big Feet, etc., are examples of the latter. Mr. or Miss "White Foreigner Come" is a perpetual proclamation of the unfortunate individual's age, and all who hear it know that the person was born in the year of the British occupation of Burmah. "Father Returns" tells a story of paternal absence; "Teacher Comes" announces the arrival of the missionary; while Mr. Paddy Bin may mean a big harvest or some family joke.

Sons are greatly desired, while daughters are despised. The girls are never actually ill-treated, but they are made to assist their mothers in the care of the house and the younger children, in drawing water from the distant pool or river, and even in the work of planting the rice, stand-

ing ankle-deep in mud and water setting out the little rice plants, and reaping with the men in the harvest field. They are often valued according to the amount of work they can do. One Karen mother so felt the need of a daughter to help her in the care of nine sons, that on the birth of a tenth son she indignantly named him Nau Tachee (Miss Tenth), declaring that she would have one daughter, and he bore that name to the day of his death.

Ten is the ordinary quota of children for a Karen family, and when we meet a "Sau Bleh" or "Nau Bleh" (Mr. or Miss Overplus), we know that we have an eleventh child to deal with.

On the birth of a son the parents usually change their own names to accord with that of the child. Thus Sau Wah and Nau Mee Tha marry, and have a son whom they call Loonee. From that time they are known as Loonee Pah and Loonee Moh,—that is, Loonee's father and Loonee's mother.

The Karens have adopted a custom from the Burmans of changing the prefix to a man's name as he grows older. As a child he is known simply as Loonee; when he is a young man he becomes Sau Loonee or MOUNG Loonee; in middle life he attains to the honourable title of Koh Loonee, and in old age he is known in the gates as Oo Loonee.

•The prevailing mode of carrying children is astride of one hip, with the arm thrown around

the child's waist. It is astonishing to see how quickly the little ones learn to accommodate themselves to this method of locomotion. The mother stoops, and putting one arm around the child's waist, while perhaps the other one is occupied in steadying a large jar of water on her head, the child gives a little spring, and, flinging his legs apart, settles himself on this improvised saddle as cosily as you please. The hip is bent outward to receive the little rider, who is changed from one side to the other as fatigue or convenience may demand. The position is not a graceful one, but mothers in Burmah, as well as in America, have to consider other things than graceful posturing in the daily round of household and maternal cares. Fathers sometimes carry their little sons proudly perched on one shoulder or astride the neck, but this is only on state occasions. Long after a child is able to walk he may be seen carried on the hip of some older child, who is so nearly of his own size that his legs hang to the ground, sorely encumbering the movements of the poor little carrier.

The Karen cradle is a piece of the coarse striped cloth of the country, tied at both ends, and swung like a hammock from one beam to another. In this the baby lies, nearly smothered in the folds of the cloth, while the mother sits at her loom, giving it a gentle push now and then. When not in this swing, the child will always be found either on the hip of some older child, or

of the mother, as she goes back and forth doing her daily duties.

Children learn to smoke at a very early period. A baby of a year will take a whiff at his mother's cigar, and then return to his nursing, that is, provided some older child has not usurped his place in the meantime. So common is this habit of continuing to nurse at intervals, even after the birth of several younger children, that Mrs. Vinton was once asked by a Karen woman if she had yet weaned her son, a boy of ten years old.

Not possessing any written language, the Karens had no schools with which to harass their children, so that the long sultry days were spent either in caring for the younger children, in watching the buffaloes, or in the mild forms of dawdling which they called play.

No greater contrast can be imagined than that between the eager, happy, dead-in-earnest manner of little American girls, playing at housekeeping on neighbouring sofas; anxiously carrying their dolls through the measles and scarlet fever; gravely discussing the servant question; daintily fashioning wondrous garments; and seriously bemoaning the inability of Araminta Desdemona to bend her knees when she says her prayers, or the total depravity of Margaret Elizabeth, who had refused to say "Papa" or "Mamma," in spite of repeated and vigorous punches in the region of the diaphragm, and the listless, don't-

care attitude of most Karen children at their little games. We say guardedly, "most Karen children." Among the boys, especially as they grow older, we see them taking a real interest in their wrestling matches, their football, and their canoe races; but the listless, half-hearted way in which most heathen children play is most painful to behold.

Football is a favourite pastime among the Karens, but it bears little resemblance to the American. The ball, which is made of split rattan, is the size of a very large orange, and is exceedingly light. The players, numbering from four to ten, stand in a circle with their waist-cloths gathered tightly around the hips, so that both the bare legs and arms may have the freest possible power of motion. The ball is thrown up, and as it comes down it is kicked by one of the players high into the air. Wherever it comes down the player nearest to it is to see that it does not touch the ground, but is sent up again. This is done generally by a kick with the toe; but if the ball happens to fall behind a player he does not take the trouble to turn to meet it, but with a dexterous fling of the heel upward, and without looking, he sends it flying over his head, to fall near some other player. It is never touched with the hand, but, if it cannot be reached with the foot, a sudden jerk with the elbow or knee, or even the shoulder, throws it upward a little, when a vigorous kick sends it spinning high in

air. In some games the effort is simply to keep the ball in the air; often, however, each player tries to keep it to himself as long as he can. As it comes down he receives it on his knee, and sends it up to fall on his knee again and again, and so he keeps it going as long as he can. If it goes beyond him, whoever gets it keeps it going in like manner. The heel play is considered very skilful, especially if the player can knock the ball with his knee so as to have it come down again just back of him, and be sent up with the heel to fall in front upon his knee again. There is no winning or losing of the game. It is simply play for play's sake. It is decidedly the nearest approach to an athletic game known to the Karens, and yet it is curious to note how little muscular exertion is used. There are no head-long rushes, no touch-downs, no goal kicking, or broken limbs or necks, with subsequent applause from spectators. Nothing is to be gained, nothing is risked.

Boys play with marbles, also with a large bean called a *mawkettha*. It is about the size of a silver dollar, and half an inch in thickness. The game is similar to tenpins, the boys always playing for "keeps." The beans are stood up in the sand, and the player, standing some six or eight feet away, holds the *mawkettha* in the palm of the left hand, and sends it spinning along the ground by a quick jerk with the forefinger of the right. Those that he knocks down he keeps.

Boys play with a top which is armed with a long, sharp peg. The top itself is turned out of hard Padouk wood. A little piece of wood is placed within a circle on the ground and the players try to knock it out with their tops. When it is knocked out, all the players spin their tops, and immediately catch them up with the strings used in spinning them. The last one to do so has to place his top in the ring, and the others try to hit it, and so chip or split it, with theirs. If the top is knocked out of the ring, the same rule holds as with the chip in the first place.

They have a game which is identical with "peggy" or "tip cat." A small block of wood is whittled off to a point at each end, so as to be almond-shaped. This, as it lies on the ground, is struck sharply with a club or bat, and, as it flies up into the air, is struck again, or batted off a distance. It is then "thrown in" by one of the players, aimed at the bat, which is held with one end touching the ground. If it hits the bat, or falls within one bat's-length, the successful thrower takes the place of batsman. If it misses, the batsman counts on his score as many bat-lengths as cover the distance at which the "cat" is from the goal.

Shooting with cross-bows is a favourite amusement. Boys, when quite young, get a cross-bow, and acquire considerable skill in its use. The stiffness of their bows is made a matter of strife and emulation among them. They measure

strength by the strength required to string their respective bows.

Besides these, they use an ordinary bow of bamboo, which has in the centre of its rattan string a little square mat or net of rattan. These bows are made for shooting clay pellets, which the boys make themselves. The net is turned a little as the shot is fired, so that the pellet may pass the bow. Woe to the youngster who neglects this precaution, and who receives the pellet on the left hand as he grasps the bow in the middle! When watching the paddy-fields, perched on their high bamboo platforms, they busy themselves making these mud pellets and shooting the birds or monkeys which come to steal the rice. Any boy who can do any little tricks of legerdemain is at once a hero in the eyes of his companions.

The favourite pastime of the Karens, and perhaps the one in which the greatest number of hours is spent, is listening to the relating of the legends of the people. They will sit for hours around their camp-fires, or in their boats while waiting for the tide to turn, while one of their number tells the most wonderful tales of horrible monsters, which a man endowed with special power through charms and tattooing would finally conquer. The beloo, a creature half human half tiger, plays a great part in these stories. For boldness of imagination these legends can scarcely be equalled in the folk-lore of any peo-

ple. The belief in spirits or "nats" seems to lend wings to the imagination of a Karen on any and every occasion. The reason why more of these tales are not translated into our language is that most of them are too obscene to be fit for publication. In Colonel Smeaton's book, "The Loyal Karens of Burmah," however, are several that are very interesting. The one about Peebeyau, the goddess of the harvest, is as charming a little tale as can be found in any language.

XIV

CHILD LIFE IN SYRIA

By Mrs. James S. Dennis

IT was more than twenty years ago when, having stepped from the little boat which had brought me from the steamer to the shore, I found myself for the first time on the soil of Syria. A storm was threatening, and, mounting an odd little crooked-necked donkey, I peered out from under my umbrella to get my first glimpse of the land so new to me, and yet so very, very old. I had not progressed far when I spied a little urchin with baggy, blue cotton trousers, red tarboosh, and short jacket, carefully making his way along on a narrow curb, striving as he placed one foot just before the other, to avoid slipping from his pathway. "Why, that is exactly what I have done many a time, when a child going to school, in America!" I exclaimed to my companion. "Children are alike all the world over." And my heart warmed with a sense of kinship to the little fellow I met on this my first morning in Syria.

In prefacing these remarks on child life in

Syria, I would remind any who may read these words that it was a child in the adjoining province of Palestine whom our Lord set "in the midst" of the group of His disciples when He taught them that matchless lesson of humility. They also were children of the Orient whom He took in His arms and blessed, and who suggested the kind words which have been sweetly lisped since by so many generations of little ones: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God."

I shall seek, as far as possible, to describe this Syrian child life divested of the modifying influences which missions and Western ideas have exerted. There are now many cultivated native Christian homes in Syria, where a high civilisation reigns, and modern ways and many Western ideas prevail. It is rather to the towns and villages scattered over mountain and plain, more or less remote from the sea-coast, to which we must turn for the genuine primitive life.

The little Syrian baby, on its first advent, is, if it be a boy, received with a warm welcome, and the birth is announced to the father with delight. The child is from the first called the *arees* ("bridegroom"), or *aroos* ("bride"). It is very singular how, from the first day of a child's life, this idea of its future marriage is present. Betrothals have even been arranged on the day of its birth, and marriages, though not now so early

as in former years, have frequently taken place at the age of fourteen or fifteen on the part of the boy, and ten or eleven on the part of the girl. Little girls are far less welcome than boys, and, in some cases when a man has been asked as to the number of his children, he has failed to enumerate his daughters.

When a boy is born, bowls of "mugleh" are sent to all the friends and neighbours. This very palatable dish is composed of pounded rice, boiled, sweetened, and seasoned with cinnamon, caraway, or coriander seed. On the surface are scattered almonds and other nuts. The care of the infant at its birth is marked by some peculiarities. Salt is applied to the body, either in the water in which it is washed, or it is placed in a rag which is moistened and the skin sopped with this. Sometimes, I believe, the child is rubbed with salt. This salting is considered quite essential to growth and strength. There is a reference to this custom in the sixteenth chapter of Ezekiel, where Jerusalem in her abasement and wretchedness is compared to a neglected infant unsalted and unswaddled. I was told by a young Syrian physician, who had been long enough in America to understand the meaning of some of our college expressions, that in Syria when a youth was thought rather "fresh," they said that he had "never been salted." Oil is also frequently used, and a powder made of pounded myrtle leaves. The little one is placed

on a square of cloth, which is wrapped about it, and then a bandage wound round and round the form, keeping every limb motionless. It is thought that this prevents dislocation or injury to the soft little body. The eyelids are blackened along the edge with kohl. A cap, with perhaps a blue bead to keep off the evil eye, surmounts the funny mummy-like little bundle. This strange superstition of the evil eye has great influence, and there are various incantations used to break its power. In calling to see an infant, the expression "Ism Allah alayhee" ("The name of Allah upon him") is frequently used as a protection from this imaginary harm. The glance of a blue eye is considered especially dangerous. There are many nursery rhymes in the Arabic referring to this and other superstitions. A low, solid wooden cradle is common, with a bar across the top from one end to the other.

The usual way of carrying children, as they grow larger, is astride the shoulder, the little one holding on to the mother's head. Sometimes they are slung across the back. Mother-love is strong in the heart of the Syrian and Arab woman, though often passionately and ignorantly expressed. Noisy threatenings, and even beatings, will be followed by extreme and unwise indulgence. One of the things which most impressed me, in my early life in Syria, was the loud and perfectly unrestrained crying of the children. A mother does not hesitate to deceive

her child, if she can purchase by this some temporary relief. Disregard for truth is deeply ingrained in the Eastern nature. In nothing is renovation more needful, since the disastrous and pitiful results of such an atmosphere of untruthfulness breathed by a child from his earliest years can hardly be exaggerated.

With all this practical and ignorant injury to their little ones, parental affection is often tenderly expressed. Children are spoken of as the ones "preserved of God." "Kaif hal il-mah-roos?" ("How is the preserved one?") is a common way of inquiring concerning a child. They are often addressed as "Ya ainee" ("Oh, my eye!"), "Ya kalbee" ("Oh, my heart!"), "Ya habeebee" ("Oh, my beloved!"), and "Takburnee" ("May you live to bury me!"). Along with untruthfulness, a child learns from its cradle a very irreverent use of the name of God.

The play period of a child's life in the East is brief, for the burdens of existence come early. Almost as soon as a little girl can toddle, she carries a tiny jar on her shoulder to bring water from the fountain; and before her strength is equal to the task she lugs around on her back a younger brother or sister, and brings thorns or sticks to keep the pot with the family dinner boiling. She pats out the bread for the oven, and is, in short, even in her pastimes, a little woman almost as soon as she emerges from babyhood. One delight she has, and that is to

play *aroos*, or bride. The whole performance of the wedding is enacted by her and her companions with great delight. Dolls are a Western importation, and yet I have been informed by an elderly native woman that she has always seen the home-made rag baby, which also is used in impersonating the imaginary *aroos*.

Both boys and girls, however, have some games. Their playthings or implements are very simple. They are ingenious in turning stones, reeds, bones, acorns, etc., to good account. There are many more games played by the boys than the girls, and these, as a rule, are less active than those common in our own clime. Something similar to marbles is played with small stones. Another of their games is called *ka'b* ("ankle joint"), and in it the ankle bones of sheep are used. One is laid down, and then each player in turn tosses up one. If, when it falls to the ground, the upper side corresponds to that of the one first placed, the player gains it, and another is put down in its stead, and so on. The one gaining the greatest number of joints wins the game. The word "*ka'b*" in its plural form is the name for dice, and gambling with dice is common. There are some half-dozen ways of playing with these joints. There is a game played by rolling acorns down an inclined and smooth surface, with the endeavour to strike one previously placed. The successful player wins the acorns. Young men skirmish with lances on

horseback, and the boys have various games involving the throwing of reeds in imitation of the throwing of the lance.

The food used by both old and young is largely bread and olives, or onions, though meat, rice, vegetables, and wheat in various combinations, are also to be found. In the gathering of the olives many children are employed, and olive oil is much prized. Children of Syria, like those in other parts of the world, love sweets, and there are some very nice ones. The most ordinary kind is what is called *hummus*, and is of the nature of a roasted pea, covered with a thick coating of sugar candy. Dried and candied figs, apricots, and dates are also common.

In reference to education, the primitive Syrian girl received none except that given by life itself. Very rarely indeed was a girl taught to read. Her brother was sometimes sent to a school where he was instructed in reading and writing, and the simplest rudiments of arithmetic. If he were a Moslem, he learned also passages from the Koran. The wealthier and more aristocratic families sometimes gained higher educational advantages for their sons. The schools founded under the auspices of missions have stimulated an extensive native educational system, extending to many parts of Syria, so that even among the Moslems there are now a number of schools for girls.

The ordinary dress of the country children is

of coarse cotton, dyed an indigo blue. That of a little girl is a skirt and simple waist, or short jacket. A boy's garb consists of full trousers and a sort of loose wrapper called a *gumbaz*, which is folded about him, and fastened in at the waist with a bright girdle twisted around. Sometimes there is a short jacket of cloth, which, for gala occasions, is embroidered with gold thread. The girl wears a bright-coloured handkerchief tied over her head, and the boy a red cap, or *tarboosh*. In the cold weather, a small shawl is sometimes worn over the fez. The girl also, in some places, wears a tarboosh, and, as soon as she reaches early maidenhood, she drapes over her head and shoulders a thin cotton veil. If she is a Moslem, her face is also covered when in the presence of men not of her own family. If a Druse, one eye and her mouth are hidden.

There is no general social intermingling of the young after the age of childhood is passed. Customs vary to a certain extent in different sects, but in country and mountain villages life is simpler than in the cities. The girl has very little to say about her marriage. She is in the hands of her father and brothers, and they marry her to whom they will. A dowry is paid by the bridegroom, a portion at least in coins, which is worn by the bride in a headdress, and belongs exclusively to her, and is not used except in severe emergency. I should seem to be passing beyond the limits of child life in mentioning the

subject of marriage, were it not that this is often entered upon at such an extremely early age.

Children all the world over love freedom and play, but those of Syria have always seemed less merry than those I have known elsewhere, and carry, perhaps unconsciously, the inheritance of a burdened and oppressed ancestry. In nothing are the fruits of an enlightened Christianity more discernible than in the blessing it brings into the lives of the young. This, I think, was foreseen by the old prophet Zechariah, whose thoughts about the highest prosperity in a restored Jerusalem were associated with a vision of the city "full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof."

XV

THE CHILDREN OF OUR LORD'S OWN LAND

By Cunningham Geikie, D. D., LL. D.

LIFE opens to children, in Eastern as in Western lands, very differently in different homes. Some it finds laid in soft silken wrappings, some with scarcely any wrappings at all; some grow up with all that can make childhood a dream of pleasure, others know only hardship from the first. At a railway station near Memphis I saw a little boy, the son of some great man, dressed in gold-laced uniform, with officers and servants to watch over his safety and anticipate his slightest fancies; and in Jerusalem I noticed another high-born child, dressed with almost equal magnificence, and waited upon almost as obsequiously, the son of some high Turkish local dignitary. But, alike in Egypt and Palestine, the mass of children, especially in the country districts, are almost inconceivably poor, and, at least in appearance, wretched, as may be judged from this photograph of a chance group, taken not far from

Jerusalem this spring. They are happy enough, poor things! for children can be so under almost any privations; and in Palestine the open air and very simple food are enough to keep them, as a rule, healthy, and make them vigorous. But it is clear that there is much to be done before they are raised to the Western scale of social life. Education is virtually unknown, and domestic comfort is no less so. Civilisation, in fact, is outside their little world.

Yet the desire for children is a passion with all Orientals. Girls, indeed, are not much valued, but the father of a number of sons is regarded as a man to be greatly felicitated. When a boy is born there is wild rejoicing, all the friends of the family coming to congratulate the parents, bringing what gifts they can, and greeting the father with such salutations as "Blessed be what thou hast received. Blessed be the [future] bridegroom!" But I have known a mother to fling a girl baby over the window, in her mortification at not having a son,—the poor infant being thus dreadfully lamed for life.

At Gaza an amusing instance of the wish for sons occurred lately. A labourer had frankly told his wife that if she had a girl he would divorce her, but, when the time came, the mother-in-law sent word that she had a son. The man was out of himself with delight, flinging his turban in the air, kissing everyone, and telling them his good

fortune. On reaching home, however, it appeared that he had been the victim of a pious fraud; for his wife, instead of a son, had presented him with two girls. Never was a man more crestfallen next day. Everyone laughed at him, and there was that hateful vow that he would divorce his wife, whom he really loved. What was he to do? At last, love found a way of escape from the vow. He had said that he would divorce his wife if she had a girl, but not if she had two girls, and so he kissed her, and kept her!

Still, a girl brings at least a pale joy; for she will bring money to her father when married—perhaps from twenty-five to a hundred francs, and any money is a small fortune to these people. But if a mother has only girls, especially if she have no wealthy or high-placed relations, her life is a wretched one; for she is either divorced, or a second wife is taken, and she is regarded as without God's blessing. Should the second wife be equally unfortunate, a third is chosen, if the man can afford such a triple luxury, Jews, as well as others, following this miserable custom, which also prevails if a wife be without any children.

The peasant's child in Palestine is born in a dark, smoky, windowless hovel, amidst a crowd of women, but with no man—not even the husband—present. Nor must any woman envious of the mother be in the room, for fear she cast the evil eye on the baby, and this excludes a sec-

ond wife also. The name of the child is given the moment it is born, and among Mohammedans is generally that of the Prophet or of one of his family or companions. Girls are named after the wives or daughters of the Prophet, or by some endearing name, or that of a pretty flower, or other pleasing object; but Christian names also are sometimes used. The newborn child is then rubbed with salt and water, and, after some days, with oil, its limbs being then stretched to secure their straightness. Washing, however, is regarded as unnecessary and hurtful to it. Its coarse dress covers it from head to foot, and when thus duly swaddled and clothed it is put into a swinging cot, made of a bit of old carpet, with a cord at each end, henceforth passing most of its time in this. The mother nurses it by leaning over the little hammock, and it is carried in this on her back when harvest work calls her to the "field," or when she goes to the town to sell a load of firewood or of vegetables, which she carries on her head. Cleanliness is at no time greatly honoured, and fine dress is avoided, even if it could be afforded, for fear of the evil eye. A boy will hence, even in comfortable families, be dressed in rags, or, if a Christian, in black, with a monk's hood, while he is, moreover, consecrated to God, to the Virgin, or to some saint.

I remember seeing one little mite on its mother's arm, with a fringe of flies instead of eye-

lashes, sucking the eyelids, the baby never either winking or moving, so used had it already become to this foul annoyance.

- Babies, however, are happily kept warm, especially the head, on which a cap is placed, set off with small coins, joints of the backbone of a jackal, or other fancies, as amulets, to protect the wearer from the evil eye and from ghosts.

- The mother always nurses her child till the second year; and, indeed, one sees children, while eating a piece of bread or of a cucumber, run to their mother to be nursed.

Christian children are generally christened on the fortieth day after birth. Mohammedan children are circumcised sometimes earlier, sometimes later, though in Asia Minor and most other countries the rite is put off till the boy is nearing manhood. Mohammedans, moreover, occasionally get their children baptised by a Christian priest, in the belief that it is of use against the evil spirits.

Fellaheen children can endure a great deal, but some diseases are very severe with them through the want of all medical care, unless obtained from such admirable institutions as the Children's Hospital in Jerusalem, which is under the loving care of my friend Dr. Sandrecksky, or from one of the few medical missionaries or other benevolent agencies. Christian love is indeed busy to help the poor people, old and young, at the more populous centres, where we find Roman Catho-

lic sisters, Anglican sisters, medical missionaries, the priests, who are more or less trained in medicine, and young men from the American and Jesuit colleges at Beirut, who are, perhaps, "imperial doctors of medicine."

As it is, however, very few fellaheen children in the thinly peopled open country have as yet realised the good medical care, even if they could reach it. Happily, they are subject to fewer diseases than the children of Europe, suffering chiefly from inflammations, colds, skin diseases, and eye affections, with a painful proportion of accidents from being left to themselves when young near fire in the family hovel, when the mother is away at work. Broken bones are left unset, and dislocations are not reduced, and hence one meets objects more hideous in their deformity than happier lands can imagine. The eyes are simply left to cure themselves, which means to grow blind in an appalling number of cases. Burning affected parts, and bleeding with a knife or razor, is varied by enchantments and sorceries. That they are so healthy as they are is indeed a wonder, with their dirt in the house, and on the clothes and person. The want of medical help, in spite of willing aid in towns, is touching. I remember at Lake Merom, a young man, with his wife and baby, coming to my tent, in which, fortunately, my companion was an army surgeon, for help in a dropsy of the stomach. All three were lamentably in want of

washing, but needed pity so much the more. The poor fellow was duly tapped, and showed by looks one cannot forget, his gratitude for the relief as the water began to run away. Getting down on his hands and knees to give it more flow, his every feature spoke his thanks,—the only but ample fee of the poor. At Cæsarea Philippi the whole female population seemed to have gathered at the tent-door to get medicine, if possible, for this ailment or that. Such experiences show how hard must be the lot of fellaheen children. At Shiloh the number of young creatures blind of one eye, or of both eyes, was terrible, and the same sight repeated itself among the Samaritans at Nablous.

The education of their children does not trouble the parents greatly. Boys are sent to the local sheik to be taught reading and writing, and to say their prayers, but the daughters are kept at home to help their mothers. Little girls of seven have to watch their still younger brothers and sisters, and bring water for the household from the well or fountain, while those a little older have to make the family bread, and, along with the mothers, cut and bring home from the hills great head-loads of wood for firing. They are married so early that their help at home in all ways is sought before they can well stand fatigue. One often meets little girls of ten who are married,—a couple lately presenting themselves at the Children's Hospital at Jerusalem, the child



A PALESTINIAN GROUP

wife perhaps ten, the husband certainly not more than twelve. She was carrying bread and other food in a basket on her head, while he walked beside her with his mantle slung over his shoulder like a grown man. They had come about six miles, to see the little wife's brother, a baby, and to take some food to her father, who was in the vile Turkish jail. Strange to say, according to our notions, her brother was at the same time son of her sister-in-law, her father wanting to marry again, and being without money to buy a wife, having given her to her boy husband in exchange for his sister, whom he then married.

The money brought into the house by the marriage of girls is generally used to buy the freedom of the sons of the family from conscription, or to get a piece of land for them, or to buy a wife for one of them. To have a son, as I have said, is the deepest wish of a fellah, and to secure an heir in the third generation the next, for the dread of having his name blotted out, by the failure of his line on the male side, is as intense in Palestine to-day as it was, and still is, among the Hebrews. A cousin on the father's side has the first claim on a girl; then, if he does not wish her, the cousin on the mother's side may have her; while a stranger can ask her hand only if he declines. A fatherless boy always looks out for a fatherless and brotherless girl, for with such a wife he is not liable to be taken as a soldier.

The girls, on being married, are in reality the slaves of their mother-in-law, who always lives with her son. The boys are, indeed, forced to marry, that their mothers may have the girl for a drudge. I forgot to say that an additional reason for the keen desire of the peasant for a son is that, if he has a male heir, no one can touch anything he leaves, whereas, if he die leaving only a wife and daughters, the wife gets simply an eighth part of his money, and the daughters a third, while his house and his other possessions, with what may be left of his money, goes to his brothers, so that the wife must marry again for a living, and the girls be brought up by the brothers, to be afterwards sold by them to husbands.

The tyranny of the mother-in-law is mitigated only in a household in which the wife has borne more than one son. In this case she is reckoned a rich woman, and is the pride of the mother-in-law and of the husband; while, if he be not well-to-do, she has no fear of a second wife being brought home, that luxury being reserved for the wealthy, or for houses where there are either no children or only daughters.

The morality of fellaheen children, though brought up without any of our ideas of modesty, seems to be higher than that of the same class in more civilised countries, but reverence towards parents is growing more rare than it was. Nor is this strange, for, though the father and mother evidently love their children intensely, they have

no self-control towards them, caressing them one moment, and the next, in sudden anger, cursing and beating them. A father, in fact, thinks his son clever and manly when, in playing on his knees and pulling his beard, he curses him, and wishes he were burned.

School-going is now nominally imperative, but the parents try by all schemes to avoid obedience to the law, that they may get work from the children. The Koran is the reading-book for Moslems, and the Psalms for Christians; but few learn reading well enough to keep it up, though, indeed, they could hardly do so if they wished, as they have no books or anything else to help them. As to writing, it is a very rare accomplishment. In years past, many Moslem children in towns were sent to Christian schools; but the zeal of the teachers for proselytism so outran discretion that no Mohammedan child is now allowed to attend Christian schools of any kind in Palestine, though I saw numbers in a Christian Protestant school at Baalbek. Yet the admirable mistress there frankly told me she dared not give any specially doctrinal instruction, and had to confine herself to the grand morality of the Scriptures which is honoured by humanity at large.

The food of peasant children is mostly bread and raw vegetables, and, indeed, in Egypt I have even seen them pull grass from the rude carts, and eat it like the oxen; while at Gaza and else-

where I have seen them gathering weeds in the yard to take home for food. At Shiloh a boy took out some very poor figs from the bosom of his only garment, his shirt, which is the fellah's pocket in its upper half, and kindly offered them to me to eat. But figs and olives, which also are available in their season, soon run out, even when hoarded up till dry and tasteless. Cheese, much like curd, and sour milk, with now and then a warm dish, and meat at very rare intervals, are, with such fruit luxuries, occasional additions to the bread and raw vegetables which form the staple of their diet.

Some European games have been introduced among the fellah children by Europeans, but as a rule they have very simple amusements. Indeed, they will play with anything,—pebbles, a broken jug, a sardine box, pieces of wood, rags, or twine; for they have no toys. In fact, when they come to the Children's Hospital, they do not know what to make of playthings or scrap-books, the only toy that interests them seeming to be dolls, especially those representing negroes. Nor is our music more attractive to the poor things, for they care nothing for the finest songs, and are best lulled to sleep by humming and soft wailing.

In Christ's day, the young creatures He took in His arms and blessed were, no doubt, much like those in our illustration; for the land was as poor then as now,—what with long civil war,

taxation, and the encroachments of the rich. The "multitudes" of "the common people," who were like sheep without a shepherd, must have been much the same as the country population now, for no words could better describe their state, and their children must have been poor and wretched enough. Thank God, Christian love is working on behalf of the children now, notably in the care of those of them who fall sick! If my honoured friend Sandrecksky, at the Children's Hospital, Jerusalem, had larger resources, he could gladden many more little hearts,—the distant sons or daughters of the very children whom our Lord so fondly regarded as types of the kingdom of heaven.

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XVI

CHILD LIFE AMONG THE MOHAMMEDANS OF PERSIA

By Elizabeth A. Labaree

IN Persia there is always rejoicing and feasting at the birth of a son, however poor the parents may be. In wealthy families the father gives a tea drink to his servants, often distributing presents among them. In some homes girls too are welcome, but the parents would be ashamed to show any pleasure at the birth of a daughter. When it is known that a child is born, the neighbours call to "bless his foot," usually accompanying their congratulations with a gift. The schoolboys of the district come to the house in a body, and sing a blessing from their teacher, the *mullah* (priest). They are generally rewarded by a sum of money, which they carry back to their teacher, who, in return, gives them a half-holiday. Frequently one band of boys meets another coming to the same house, and the result is a fight. Whichever school finally succeeds in carrying off the money gains the half-holiday.

A newborn baby is not allowed to nurse until the *âzan*, or call to prayer, has been heard three times, and the roof of its mouth has been touched with sacred earth. Then baby has begun life as a good Mohammedan.

Naming the baby is an important ceremony. The mullah comes to the house, and intones the Mohammedan creed, then blows into the child's right ear, and pronounces its name three times. He repeats this performance, blowing in the left ear. Afterwards tea and sweets are served to the neighbours who have assembled.

A Persian mother takes many precautions to protect her baby from the evil eye. When it is but a few days old, it is held over a smudge made by burning a species of bean, and a little of the charred bean is rubbed on its face. Charms are put about its neck, wrists, and ankles, and blue beads are sewed on to its cap. A young baby is tightly bound in swaddling-clothes of coarse material, the only decoration being its cap, which is gaily ornamented. When baby sleeps he is well strapped on to his cradle, and is protected from light, noise, and air, by a close-fitting covering which is held off from his face by a bar across cradle top.

When a child is old enough to run about, its costume is like that of a grown person, except that a girl does not begin to wear the *chuddar*, or veil, until she is nine years old. After that she must cover her face in the presence of any man,

excepting the members of her own family. She is obliged to fast and pray, while her brother need not begin until he is sixteen. She helps her mother in the housework, brings the daily supply of water on her back in large earthen jars, and arranges in order the shoes which callers shuffle off at the door. She waits on her father and brothers, and, when they have company, serves, but cannot eat nor sit down in their presence. When she goes out to play she must take the baby, if there is one in the family. The baby is tied firmly on to her back, then she runs, plays jack-stones, or bounds ball, not minding the weight on her back any more than the baby minds the shaking up. Girls make their own dolls of sticks padded at one end, for which they delight to make clothes. After a girl is nine, however, she must leave her dolls and begin to sew on her wedding outfit. Besides making her own wardrobe and household furnishings, she must, at her marriage, give a sample of her needlework to every member of her husband's family, as well as to other friends. As a girl may be married at twelve, nine is none too soon to begin the wedding preparations.

Girls never go to school. Occasionally a tutor is employed to teach a favourite daughter to read, but it is against the law that a woman should learn to write. Among the rich, the girls are not obliged to do housework, but are kept more strictly than their poorer sisters. They never



MOHAMMEDAN SCHOOL BOYS

leave the harem, except when, closely veiled and attended by an escort, they visit the public bath, or pay a call, or occasionally go for a tea-drink to some secluded garden.

The boys, while small, are under the constant care of a man nurse, or *lala-bashee*. He accompanies them to and from school, and to their weekly bath. The older boys often join their father in his visits, rides, and hunting. They may have a tutor at home, but are usually sent to the mosques to school. There is no bell or clock to tell the hour, but, when the sun has risen about a spear's length, it is time to start for school, which lets out when the sun is within a spear's length of setting.

The boys carry their lunch done up in a handkerchief. At noon the head boy of the school selects a portion from each for the mullah. All the scholars sit on the floor, and study aloud in a singsong voice, swaying back and forth over their books. The volume of sound proves the industry of the boys, therefore the noisiest schools have the best reputation. The scholars learn to write, study the Koran and the Persian poets, and enough arithmetic to enable them to keep accounts. If a boy expects to become a *mirza*, or scribe, he has special instruction in polite expression and flattering phrases, the most important part of the art of letter-writing. When a boy is promoted, the teacher is rewarded by the boy's parents; at New Year's and every other

feast day the scholars take presents to their teacher, if only a dish of raisins with a ten-cent piece on top. When a boy is inattentive or lazy, or sometimes if his parents fail to pay his tuition, he is punished by the bastinado, or by having his hands switched. The feet are often so hurt by the bastinado that scholars are laid up for several days. With the mosque for schoolroom, the mullah for teacher, and the Koran for principal text-book, the boys' education is largely religious. Every Thursday evening, which is the beginning of the Mohammedan sabbath, it is the custom for friends of the dead to go to the cemetery and read certain chapters from the Koran. A group of schoolboys is always on hand, eager to earn a few coppers by reading for those who cannot read themselves.

A most impressive lesson in religious zeal is taught young Mohammedans by the Moharrem, their annual month of mourning for the martyred saints Hassan and Hoosein. Processions of men go through the streets gashing their heads with swords, wearing white shirts to make the flow of blood a more conspicuous sight. Ministering to these fanatics is a great privilege, and the little boys are taught to carry water to the fainting ones.

It is a common thing for mothers to tie a white cloth around their babies' necks, and carry them out to witness the procession, keeping open scratches made in the tiny foreheads by the bar-

ber, and rubbing a little blood on the white cloth. In the procession there are always several little girls representing the captive daughters of the martyrs. They ride on camels with heads bare (always a sign of disgrace in a girl), throwing straw over their heads as a symbol of mourning.

Many families are too poor to send their boys to school, and they must learn a trade instead. The father decides what trade his son shall learn, and apprentices him to a master workman. At first the boy earns but half a cent a week, which, however, relieves his father of his weekly barber's bill—for every true Mohammedan should have his head shaved once a week. The master has as much authority over his apprentices as the teacher has over his scholars. Frequently, when a boy misbehaves at home, his father reports him to his master or teacher, and requests that he be punished.

Among the peasants the boys take care of the cattle, watch the sheep, and help the men plough by sitting on the yokes of the oxen (riding backward), guiding them with long sticks. In spite of hard work or long school hours, Persian boys manage to have plenty of fun.

Among their games are hockey, tops, and marbles. They either manufacture their own marbles from clay or stone, or use the small ankle-bones of sheep as substitutes. Fighting eggs is a favourite amusement. Hard-boiled eggs are tapped against each other, the strongest shell

winning those which it breaks. The gala time of the year is the New Year's celebration, which lasts several days. The Wednesday preceding New Year's Day is the great day for fireworks, feasting, and general merry-making. Some of the observances of this day resemble our Halloween customs. In the evening the boys run about the roofs letting bags down stealthily through the skylights, to be filled with nuts and sweetmeats, with which they gamble the next day.

Childhood, at best, is short in Persia. Although boys do not marry as young as girls do, they are often betrothed at sixteen, and are usually married by twenty.

XVII

BOY LIFE IN EGYPT

By Mary A. Dana

“**S**EE the men! Don’t they look queer!” was the exclamation of the passengers as our steamer moved up to the wharf at Alexandria, and we looked down upon hundreds of men and boys, dressed in black, blue, or white gowns.

It is indeed a novel sight to an American, when first arriving in Egypt, to see men wearing gowns which sometimes touch the ground, red or yellow slippers on their feet, and red caps, green, yellow, or white turbans, or perhaps an old shawl wound around the head, and falling down upon the shoulders.

The boys are just as picturesque as the grown people, and we soon began to look with great interest at the little fellows, as we saw them on the street, in the churches, and at school.

(They are darker in colour than American or English boys, and in the northern part of Egypt they have light-brown skin, black hair, thick lips, black or brown eyes, straight eyebrows, and very

regular white teeth. In fact, a traveller always notices that, no matter how dirty a boy's clothes may be, his teeth are white and glistening. We often wondered how they kept them so white, and found that they were fond of chewing sugar-cane, which perhaps helps to polish the teeth. They also take great care of their finger-nails, and stain them red, which makes a pretty contrast with their brown hands.

Their costumes are different in Cairo and Alexandria from what they are farther south; but in those cities boys under twelve years of age wear a white cotton shirt and drawers, and over them a long sack with flowing sleeves. This garment is made of either coloured calico or white or blue muslin, and is sometimes belted at the waist with a cord or sash; but generally it hangs loose from the shoulders, and is open at the throat.

Some boys run around barefooted, even in cold weather, but many wear white cotton socks, and red or yellow slippers without any heels. These slippers only come over the toe, and flap up and down with every step; but in some way the boys manage to keep them on their feet, and run just as fast as any boys.

Many of the small boys wear white cotton caps embroidered with needlework, others wear white muslin wound around the head. But the larger boys wear a red felt cap, with a long black tassel, which they call a fez. The older boys dress more gaily, and wear beautiful red or black sleeveless

jackets, embroidered in gold or silver, over the white cotton gown, which is belted at the waist by a bright silk sash. Others wear very loose baggy trousers, made of blue or crimson woollen cloth, with a jacket of the same, handsomely braided, which makes a very becoming costume.

(The boys are taught, when very young, to be very polite, and to make many bows, which are called "salaams," and they are very courteous when they meet grown people. We shall always remember with pleasure a dear little six-year-old boy who came into the room where we were visiting, and, though his dress was only a homely calico sack, his manners were most charming. There were eight ladies in the room, but he was not at all embarrassed. He walked up to one of them, took her right hand in his right hand, kissed it, and then raised it to his forehead. Then he moved on to the next lady, and greeted her in the same way, and then to the next one, until he had taken us all by the hand, when he seated himself cross-legged on the floor, and listened to the conversation.

Sitting on the floors and ground is a custom that would seem odd to American children; but the Egyptians think nothing of sitting on the ground, and sometimes on a cold day hundreds of people sit outside of the houses, and try to warm themselves from the sun. They also do much of their work out of doors, and one often sees boys hammering at brass or copper dishes,

or perhaps making yellow slippers, sitting cross-legged on the sidewalk. Some of the houses have straw mats or rugs on the floors, and some have divans, which are benches built close to the walls, but people sit cross-legged on them.

When a boy goes to bed at night, he does not sleep in a bedstead, but spreads a mat or comfortable on the floor, and then lies down, and covers himself with a blanket. Sometimes one comfortable answers for both bed and coverlid, and then he rolls himself up in it, and goes to sleep without any pillow.

We often saw children sleeping on the ground or on stone benches without pillows or coverings, and learned that the Egyptians think that children grow to be more erect if they lie on the floors without pillows.

The boys go to school when quite young, but their schoolrooms are a great contrast to those of other countries. We entered one of the colleges through a large courtyard, filled with rubbish and piles of broken stone, on which were lying many of the students asleep in the sun. We worked our way along through this yard until we came to an old building that looked like a church. There was a very large entrance or doorway, but, instead of a door, we found ourselves in front of a very heavy curtain made of rugs. Our guide pushed it aside, and we entered an immense room that was so dark that at first we could not distinguish anything. As our

eyes became accustomed to the darkness, we saw that the room was larger than most churches, that the ceiling was supported by stone columns, and that the floor was covered with very thick rugs, on which were seated many groups of men and boys. A keen black-eyed man, with a long black beard, and wearing a thick turban of white muslin, sat in the centre of each group, and sometimes helped the memory of the pupils by the use of a stick, or a blow with his hand.

Some of the boys were bending over metal writing-tablets, which they used on their laps; but most of them were swaying back and forth, and reciting in loud tones verses from the Koran. The boys are obliged to learn the Koran, which is their Bible; and they begin by learning the first chapter, then the next to the last, and so backward, until they reach the second chapter.

The language is very difficult, and the masters do not explain it to the boys; but it is one of the laws of their religion that they must know the Koran by heart.

We were pleased to see that the boys looked cheerful, in spite of their dull work; and we noticed that they raised their voices and shouted louder than usual when visitors were listening to them. It was interesting to see them in their churches; for they were never disturbed by visitors, and observed all the forms and ceremonies with great care.

They are taught to consider their churches as

holy ground; and when a boy reaches the door of a mosque, which is his church, he takes off his slippers, leaves them outside, and walks in in his stocking-feet, though occasionally a boy carries his slippers in his hand.

If he is barefooted, he washes his feet at the fountain, which is outside of the mosque. There are no pews in the mosque, but the floors have many rugs, and the boys kneel on the rugs, and turn their faces toward Mecca. If the boys go to the mosque during the week, they repeat a certain number of prayers, sometimes counting them on a rosary, and then leave the building, put on their slippers, and run away. But if they go to the Sunday service, they join with hundreds of men, and they repeat the prayers in loud tones; and sometimes they listen to sermons, and reading from the Koran by one of their priests.

They take many postures when at their prayers. Sometimes they pray while standing; then they lie on the floor with their faces in their hands, or touch the floor with their foreheads; or, they sway back and forth, while on their knees, repeating the name of "Allah," which means "God."

Some of the most amusing boys that one sees in Egypt are what are called the "donkey-boys," and travellers find them very entertaining. People ride a great deal on donkeys, and a man or boy usually goes along to guide them. Sometimes the boys are little fellows, not more than

eight years old, and speak very broken English. They are very observant, though, and know whether the traveller is an American or an Englishman, and name their donkeys to suit the passenger.

The donkeys look quite fine, with strings of beads or coins around their necks, and stand in a row by the sidewalk, waiting for passengers. If a boy sees a stranger looking at them, he calls out, "Nice donkey," "Vara nice donkey, Mellican man," "General Gordon," "General Grant," or some other familiar name. If you decide to take a ride, before you are fully settled in the saddle the boy gives the donkey a crack with a pointed stick, and away you go as fast as the poor little animal can trot, the boy running along by your side, and giving the donkey a thrust or blow every few minutes.

After the boy has been with you a while he is very apt to come to your side, and, with his most engaging smile, hold out his hand, and say, "Good donkey, good Mellican donkey, vara fast Mellican donkey; bakhsheesh, bakhsheesh!" which means that he expects you will give him some extra money for the very good "Mellican donkey."

XVIII

CHILD LIFE IN NORTH AFRICA

By Ella A. Baldwin

SAUNTERING thoughtfully along one of the narrow, crooked streets of Mogador, a coast town in western Morocco, I came to the Saffee gate, where I saw some bonny little Arab boys playing checkers. Their checkerboard was a whitewashed stone of the pavement, marked off into squares with a piece of charcoal, and the checker-men small blocks made of carrots and turnips. The little fellows, prone upon the ground, were so intent upon their game that only one looked up to notice me. He was probably getting worsted, for he angrily bade me "go to my grandmother" (a term of contempt much used), which I would gladly have done had she not been in America, and I in Africa, for I wanted someone to solve the problem I was trying to unravel.

Being near the consulate, I went in, and asked the wife of the British Consul if she could tell me how it was that I saw so many sickly babies, and yet such strong, splendid children when a few

years old. She laughingly replied, "Well, my dear, 'tis one continuous case of a survival of the fittest; only those survive who are able to endure the hardships and neglect which is their lot at the hands of their young, ignorant, untaught mothers." The frailest ones die off; those who live come up like weeds, without much love or care.

- For many days I had been visiting some Moorish houses, where there were sick infants. One poor little thing only five months old had a very sore mouth, and could not take its natural nourishment. Its little gums had been seared with a hot iron to help it cut its teeth easily. For days green tea had been given it. As it could not take that or anything else without crying, all effort to feed it was given up. Fortunately, a day or two later it died, much to the relief of its mother; for "'twas only a girl," and girls in Africa have a hard, hard lot. They are, indeed, dark daughters of a dark land. Now do not think these Arab children are black like our Southern negro. They are a light cinnamon brown, have straight noses, thin lips, black or brown eyes soft as a gazelle's. Some of these little folks are really beautiful. 'Tis no unusual sight to see artists from Italy and Spain with their easels here and there in the streets trying to reproduce the grace and beauty of these little subjects as they flit about in their few but fantastic-looking garments. However, when a girl is eight years

old, she may no longer play in the streets, may never go to school, but must learn all kinds of hard work. Her first burden is generally to carry a little brother or sister, tied upon her back with a *sabanier* or long towel, two ends being knotted around her waist, one end passed over the right shoulder, and the other under the left, —the baby's legs astride her back, and only its little bobbing head above the towel. She has often to learn to grind the wheat and knead the bread, and carry it on a board to the public oven, —all with the baby on her back. All girls and women must grind their wheat daily, unless they have slaves to do it for them. Their mills are simply two small round grindstones, one upon another. The upper one has a hole in the centre, into which the corn is put by the handful. A little stick, or handle, is firmly driven into a hole in the stone by which to make it revolve. It is very hard work, and only enough grain is ground for one meal at a time. I cannot remember ever seeing there toys of any kind for girls. They make for themselves dolls out of two pieces of bamboo sticks tied together in the form of a cross. They cut off pieces of their own black hair, and tie it on top of the stick, and dress it up always as a bride, never as a baby.

* A girl's first and highest and only ambition is to become a bride. I have often heard mothers say to their tiny girls, "If you are naughty you shall never be a bride." These dear little girls

are most teachable and interesting. Had I space, I could tell you many funny things I saw and heard among them; also many sad things, for they are taught every form of evil from their babyhood.

• Another thing I was long in finding out was where were the young ladies of the land? Lots of boys, older lads, and young men, but only babies, little girls, and old women. This I learned was the result of the child-marriages. Mohammed, their so-called "holy prophet," was the leader in this great sin. His fourth wife, Aisha, was but nine years old. So very soon they lose all freshness and beauty, and become haggard and ugly, depressed, oppressed, repulsive old women—all for lack of the knowledge that God gave His Son to die for and to save girls and women as well as men and boys.

Most little boys (if freeborn, for slavery is still rife in the land) have a care-free, jolly time. They fly kites and play ball, tossing the ball and catching it on the top of their foot, then tossing it again and throwing it farther still with the sole of their foot. Very soon they are allowed to handle deadly weapons, and have great fun firing old flint-lock muskets, the mark being small pieces of glass or stone stuck up in the ground as a target. It must be from these old muskets that they become inspired to join the Moorish infantry, which is composed of males of all ages from fourteen to seventy years. The govern-

ment only pays these soldiers at the rate of three cents a day and one suit of clothes a year. Tiny boys ride the horses, mules, and donkeys of the country as naturally as though they grew upon their backs, and think themselves great men when they may carry a Moorish dagger, like their fathers.

Boys are sent to school when about five years old. In Northern Africa the only book is the Koran,—this is used as a text-book,—for they have no school-books. They learn their letters on a thin board painted white, upon which they are taught to write with a bit of charcoal. Imagine you see, through the open doorway, a long, narrow room, with no windows, and no furniture but a bit of matting on the floor, upon which are seated, cross-legged, fifty or more dirty little boys, swaying backward and forward, singing their lesson at the top of their voices. The *fokee*, or master, is frequently an old man, who does not hesitate to rap his pupils soundly on the head with the stick he always carries, should they dare make a mistake. Thus their false religion is sung and beaten into their memories, and they seem never to forget it. I have heard many a boy repeat far longer portions of the Koran than I ever heard a Christian child repeat of the Bible. It is a common thing for a Mohammedan to criticise the missionary's lack of familiarity with his "Holy Book." They tap their heads significantly, and say, "We have our sacred book in

our head and in our heart, and can repeat it to you; while, if you wish to tell us what is in your Book, you have to look for the book, the chapter, and the verse, and then read it to us." And, alas! 'tis all too true. Arab boys often go to school till they are twenty, and are taught the laws of their false religion all through those years, when they in turn teach them. Herein lies the secret of the power of Islam. The missionaries have their classes as much as possible in the open air.

In the country and the mountains there is less fanaticism and more freedom. There women and girls may go with unveiled faces, but in the towns they are never allowed to go out without being entirely covered with a large veil, or *haik*, and must have but one eye exposed to view. If at fourteen years of age a girl is unmarried, she is sold by her father or brother in exchange for sheep, goats, camels, or mules,—usually to the value of about one hundred and fifty dollars. Henceforth she becomes the slave and drudge of the man who buys her, and is ever made to feel herself his inferior. Besides grinding and sifting the corn, she must gather wool and learn to spin and weave, must carry water, cut wood for her fire, also dig clay for making her *baradas*, or water-jars, and cooking utensils. These are shaped by hand, without the aid of a potter's wheel. Indeed, they have no conveniences, and nothing that we consider comforts. The girls

are not taught to sew. Men do the sewing, and sell ready-made clothes at the *soko*, or weekly market. The Bedouin women buy a white cotton garment, usually their only one, except the large woolen *haik*, or blanket, which they wrap about them, and wear it day and night, until it drops off in filthy tatters, when, of course, they have to buy another. Regardless of rags and dirt, they luxuriate in jewelry, and delight in a profusion of anklets, armlets, necklaces, and bands for the forehead, made of coin, beads, coral, shells, etc. Finger-rings and ear-rings of prodigious size are worn. These poor girls and women have not one ray of gospel light to guide and comfort them.

“ Let those whose hearts our loving God hath stirred
With pity like His own go swiftly forth;
So shall there come, in His own blessed time,
To these benighted ones,—these ‘ other sheep,’—
The knowledge of His pard’ning love, that melts
And bows the soul alike of civilised
And savage.”

XIX

CHILD LIFE AMONG THE BOBANGIS OF THE CONGO

By Rose Anna Hartsock

IREBU is situated on the southeast bank of the Congo River, eighty kilometres south of the equator, and is inhabited by Bobangi people. Bobangis consider themselves fortunate when they have a large family, and rejoice at the birth of a child. When twins are born, they deem it a blessing, and the little strangers are kindly welcomed by all the relatives and friends, who manifest their joy in beating drums and araying themselves elaborately with green vines and leaves.

To my knowledge, young children are not ill-treated. Their parents surround them with special care, and seem to love them, though they do not manifest their love as we do in America. Their affection is purely material. They dress, feed, and protect their children, but give them very little intellectual and moral training.

Children appear to be of ordinary intelligence, but they, in their heathen state, seem to have no

higher aspirations than to have plenty of cloth and native ornaments, and to gratify their appetites.

Women are proud of their babes, and, when we visit their village, they come and present us their children, and seem pleased if we make much of them.

Mothers seldom leave their children till they are six or eight months old. They carry them astride the left hip, and support them with the left arm, or they wear a kind of strap made of buffalo hide, which passes over the right shoulder and under the left arm. The children are seated in this sling, and can easily be carried anywhere. While her mother is at work, she nearly always places the infant on her back, and, with a long strip of native cloth tied over the child and around her own person, manages to hold him securely, and is enabled to use her hands at will. In this way she carries wood, water, goes to her gardens in the country, and returns at midday with a large basket of vegetables on her head. Frequently the little child, thus fastened to his mother's back, is sound asleep; there is no support for his head, so it dangles every way, and the little face is turned towards the burning sun.

At first children are bathed several times daily with tepid water; but, when they are three or four weeks old, mothers carry them to the river, take them by one arm, and plunge them into the water ten or fifteen times in succession, then

stop, wipe the child's face with their hand, and go through the same process several times before the bath is completed. Children are not much cleaner after their bath than they were before, but they are not provided, as we are, with sponges, soap, and towels. Still the frequent use of pure water is very favourable to the children, for they are all vigorous and strong.

Boys and girls wear nothing but a few strings of beads or cowries round the neck, waist, arms, and ankles, till they are six or seven years old. After that age they wear a narrow piece of cloth around their loins. The cloth is made of palm-leaf fibres. Each piece of cloth is about seventeen inches wide and twenty inches long. Two or three pieces of this cloth are sewed together, and form a garment such as they wear. Children adorn themselves with brass and iron collars, strings of beads, shells, seeds, bracelets, and anklets of various descriptions, and embellish themselves by smearing their bodies with a kind of red paint, which they obtain by rubbing together two pieces of camwood that have been soaked in palm oil. To this they add dots and lines of yellow, white, and blue chalk. Some of the dots and lines have a signification, and are traced in special circumstances only. They also file and sharpen their teeth into points, pull out their eyebrows and eyelashes; some shave their head, while others leave a little tuft of hair on top. Some have their hair plaited, and covered with

something that looks very much like tar, or they fasten little balls of the black substance to the hair. Others braid their hair into a hundred or more fine braids, and let them hang around the head like a fringe; or the hair is woven, beginning at the neck, and gradually working it in till it reaches the forehead, and ends in a slender braid that hangs between the eyes.

Many Irebu children are slaves whom the Irebu people have brought from towns situated on different parts of the Upper Congo and its tributaries. Nearly all of them are tattooed, and bear their tribal marks.

For months, during my sojourn in Africa, I visited and taught in the Irebu towns daily; still, during all that time, I never saw a toy or plaything that had been made purposely for a child. They play with anything that comes to hand, such as an ear of corn, sticks, native bells, cooking utensils, etc.; and when they are old enough to run, they romp about the town as they please, build little houses, throw wooden spears, play in the river, forgetting that they are in danger of being carried off by crocodiles, which are so numerous in the Congo River.

Their games are many, but they are more like dances than anything else, and are seldom indulged in during the heat of the day. Moonlight nights, children form circles, join hands, stamp their feet on the ground, then clap their hands and slap their bare arms, go through all

sorts of steps and motions, always keeping time with the tune they sing, etc.

Young Bobangis like music and singing, and begin quite early to accompany themselves on the "esanze," a small instrument provided with nine iron keys or notes of different length, which they strike with both thumbs, while the fingers support the box.

Children are taught to obey their parents or owners, and are quite submissive when they are young; but, as they grow older, they become insolent, and sometimes will argue for an hour with their parents for a trifle, and I grieve to say that they are not as generous and open-hearted as they might be. For instance, they do not consider it an obligation to assist a friend or relative who is ill or in need.

When children reach a certain age, the father devotes himself more particularly to his sons; he teaches them how to hunt, fish, trade. In short, they become his companions till they are twelve or thirteen years of age.

The father's rights over his children are proportional to his power. If he is a slave, his children are slaves also, and the chief requires their labour; if, on the other hand, the father is a free man, his children belong to him, and the chief has very little authority over them; and, if the father is a chief, the children have unlimited freedom.

The mother's relations with her children are very

limited. She has no right over them, because she is a slave; but she must teach her daughters how to cook, make pottery, cultivate the gardens, and attend to the household till they are ten or twelve years old, then they must marry.

Marriage among the Bobangis, as well as among other Congo tribes, has nothing sacramental. It is simply a financial transaction, and many young girls are sold against their will to men whom they fear, and can never love.

Bobangis do not punish their children for trifles. When they punish, it is for some grave offence, and children are severely beaten, tied into the house, or put into iron and wooden fetters for a certain length of time.

One night, while I lived at Irebu, a boy with iron fetters about his wrists and ankles managed to escape from his place of confinement, and, after much struggle, succeeded in making his way through the tall grass that separates the town from the mission station, and arrived safely at our door, then called my husband to come and save him from death, because the natives were going to kill him. Mr. Hartsock unfettered the boy, put him in our storehouse for the night, and next day called all the chiefs of the town to inquire about the fettered slave. But they said that they did not intend to kill him, they were only punishing the boy because he was forever stealing.

It is always difficult to ascertain who tells the

truth in such cases, because the Irebu people used to kill slaves before we went there, and I fear they have not changed their evil ways so soon after the arrival of missionaries among them.

Bobangis believe in good and evil spirits, and use "bongongas," or fetiches, to appease their anger. They have a bongonga to protect the house, some to protect from storms, others to protect from illness, accidents, and misfortunes of every kind.

Each individual usually carries a bongonga. It is sometimes made of a cat's skin which has been partly filled with grass and camwood powder, and ornamented with brass wire, bells, beads, and cowries, or it may be a collection of small articles wrapped up in a piece of native cloth. Bongongas are carried by means of a string or strap long enough to pass under the left arm, and over the right shoulder.

The Bobangi language was not written till missionaries undertook the work. Now they have a few schoolbooks, a hundred or more hymns, a translation of the Book of Matthew, and several other chapters of the New Testament.

XX

CHILD LIFE IN MADAGASCAR

By J. Sharman, B. D.

“**A**RAHABA! *nomen' Andriamanitra ny fara!*” which being interpreted means “Hail! God has given you a successor!”

Such is the common salutation the parents receive on baby's arrival. At the same time a little present of money is brought, wherewith to buy shrimps for the mother's nourishment.

When about a week old, a fortune-teller is sent for, to inquire how the child may avoid all ill luck; and very strange are the prescriptions which these fortune-tellers give. A hen, of varying colour and age according to the month of the year, is chosen and held over the child, and, whilst it flaps its wings, the fortune-teller pronounces such words as these: “May this remove all ill luck.” But alas! if it be found that baby was born on one of the unlucky days of the year, misfortune for its parents can only be averted by destroying the babe. This is done by holding it downwards in warm water in a rice-winnowing tray. Sometimes the child is given a chance of

escape by placing it at the entrance of an ox-pit or cattle-fold. If the Malagasy oxen, with their great humps (something like camels in that respect), return in the evening without trampling to death the helpless baby, the evil fates are thought to be propitiated. The life of Rainilaia-rivony, the prime-minister of Madagascar, was saved in this manner, it is said.

It is a great event for baby when it is first carried out into the pure air,—quite a ceremony, in fact. If it be a little boy, it is preceded by slaves carrying spears, a hatchet, spade, etc., if a girl, then a basket, silk cocoons, cotton, needle, apparatus for spinning and weaving,—all emblematic, of course, of the nature of the life upon which the child will enter. Baby then comes in for presents, and the one who makes it laugh outright for the first time, and give three good chuckles, is expected also to give it a present.

I should like to tell of another very interesting ceremony in Malagasy babyhood, did space suffice; namely, the first hair-cutting, which is a great celebration. Several oxen are sometimes killed, and a great feast is prepared. All baby's hair on the top is then cut off, and divided into fourteen portions, which are then actually mixed with rice, milk, honey, etc., and eaten with relish, especially by the young women, who think that, the more of the baby's hair they eat, the more likely they are to have babies of their own. This ceremony is often made into the native christen-

ing, for then baby receives its name, often a very queer one; for example, Rapatsa, meaning Miss Shrimp; Ralesoka, meaning Miss Flatface; Rabary, meaning Master Big-Eyes; Iasabotsy, meaning Master Saturday. A member of one of my churches boasts of the name of Mr. Adjective.

Very little need be said with respect to the clothing of our Malagasy juvenile, for the simple reason that until three or four years of age there is generally none to speak of, unless it be a slight loin-cloth. But were my readers to see a crowd of men, women, or young people, why, they would say all these people seem to have been roused up from their beds, for they have still got their night-dresses on, and they have flung the bed-clothes round them to try and hide the fact. Such, indeed, was my first impression. Many now, however, wear coat and trousers, and the women beautifully embroidered garments, but over and above all the large white cotton garments (more like a sheet than anything) called the *lamba*.

It is by means of this *lamba*, or sheet, that the Malagasy mother is able to provide baby's cradle. Whilst very young, the baby lies covered within the *lamba* folds on its mother's back; but as it grows older, its head of black smooth or curly hair peeps forth from the cradle the mother has made on her back.

The Malagasy are not a bad-looking people. Some are of so light a complexion that they

might be easily taken for Americans. An English missionary here I know (who speaks Malagasy very fluently) was once considered a Hova gentleman for several hours. (The Hovas are the leading tribe of the Malagasy, who have especially advanced under Christian teaching.)

The diet of young Madagascar is soon told. Rice, rice, rice, year in, year out. Anything beyond this is called *laska*; that is, relish,—such as meat, poultry, vegetables, or fruit.

There is little to interest a child, one would think, in the home where the Malagasy child is brought up. Built of wood, mud, or brick (the latter in the capital and neighbourhood especially), from north to south, and with an opening in the west which often does duty for door, window, and chimney combined, the house is divided into two portions,—the one for the family, the other for the slaves. Such furniture as there is may be easily counted on the fingers. There is often a rough kind of bedstead for the master and mistress of the house; the children and others all sleep on the floor, many of them on a mattress made of papyrus stalks, covered with material made from the same, or from the rofia palm tree. Water pots, cooking pots, horn spoons, etc., complete the list.

Our Malagasy boys go to work very early in life. The youngest mind poultry. Nearly all the shepherds in Madagascar are little boys from six or seven years of age and upwards. Large

herds of oxen—sometimes fierce ones too—are controlled by quite young boys. The two chief important things to a Malagasy are the care of his rice-field and his cattle, and many boys spend all their time in assisting their parents or masters in these two things. The little girl is mother's nurse-maid, errand boy, etc., and early learns to weave and spin the cotton or silk cloth with which the Malagasy clothe themselves. The slaves do the rice pounding and winnowing, carry water, etc.

I can well believe that many of my readers are anxious to hear what games Malagasy children have. The amusements of childhood are one all the world over in one respect; namely, that mimicry lies at the root of most of its games. The American child loves to play with its doll, and imagine it a baby; the Malagasy child throws a root of manioc over its shoulder, and parades about as though it were verily carrying a baby on its back,—the only mode of nursing it is familiar with. The Malagasy do not play at "bears," but at *biby ahitra* (a grass monster). One of the boys has his whole body covered with long grass, terminating at his hands in long switches, and thus he plays the monster, chasing the other children, who run about screaming. Then they have another game which reminds us of "orange and lemon"; but what pleases the girls especially is what they call "Granny Ravolanamatiandrokavelonalina," the meaning

of which is, "Mrs. Moon going out by day, but shining by night." I am sorry space forbids me to give the details of these games. ("The Children of Madagascar," written by Mr. H. F. Standing, a missionary here, and published by The Religious Tract Society, London, is a most interesting book, and gives very many details which I cannot in a short article like this.)

I may, however, before leaving the subject of games, just describe one game which, in one form or another, is a favourite in many countries; that is, playing at funerals. In Madagascar the greatest event in life is *death* (to use an Irishism). A man may be content to live in a mud hut, but his grave, which is built quite near, is often an immense edifice of cut stone. He wears poor, thin, cotton garments his lifetime through, that he may save all the more money for the yards of rich red cloth in which his corpse will be wrapped. No wonder, then, that the Malagasy children like to play at make-believe funerals! First a suitable site for a grave is searched for, and then the tomb is made. A grasshopper makes a ready victim for them, which they kill, and then wrap in long, broad leaves, fold upon fold, just as though it were a human corpse wrapped round and round in red cloth. Then the long procession of wailing mourners follows. Finally the mouth of the tomb is closed up, and the mock mourners retire. This, however, is not the end. After a short interval comes the "Fa-

madihana," or turning over of the corpse, according to a very common but repulsive custom of the Malagasy. This ceremony (which sometimes occurs years after the burial) is made the occasion of a great deal of festivity, strange to say. The remains are taken from the grave, and again wrapped in more red cloth as a sign of great respect. There is loud, clamorous music played, and great feasting, often many oxen being killed for the occasion. The children must therefore open the grave of their dead grasshopper after the lapse of a few days, and wrap it in more folds of banana leaves.

It is difficult nowadays to find a child in Imerina, the central province of Madagascar, who may be said to be altogether uninfluenced by the great leavening process of Christianity, which has been going on for the last thirty years. It can be seen at a glance. There is a cleanliness of person and brightness of manner which is very conspicuous. Under efficient training, the Malagasy has proved himself, even in the schools of England and France, a fair competitor with those whose moral and intellectual heritage is a thousandfold greater.

I cannot close without telling of two very sad things in connection with Malagasy child life. The first refers to all classes, though, I am glad to say, it is on the decrease. These young children are compelled to marry at twelve years of age, many of them, and, of course, are too young

to choose for themselves. No wonder, when they grow up and find themselves unsuitably mated, they give up wife or husband for a paltry offence, and marry someone else. This breeds terrible evil and much sorrow.

. Another curse, which falls to many, is slavery. Very, very many little Malagasy children are slaves. Sometimes, when quite young, they are sold to new masters, and have to leave father and mother, perhaps never to see them again. The Malagasy love their children intensely, so such a parting is a great trial to them. Pray for the Malagasy boys and girls, that slavery may cease, and that both parents and children may learn to love the Lord Jesus!

XXI

BOYS AND GIRLS IN SOUTHEAST AFRICA

By M. N. R. Stormont, L. L. A. (St. Andrew's)

CHILD life is interesting in every continent, and it is different. The differences enhance the attraction. The child is prophetic of the race. In Africa the mother is the basis of civilisation. Child and mother are rarely separated. An African mother, like a gipsy, carries her child on her back, securely tucked into her blanket, which is fastened in front. This leaves her hands free, so that she may continue her work while still carrying her baby. She will wash, cook, hoe, or perform any other of her many duties, while the little one sleeps, or plays contentedly on her back. When the mother rests on the ground, or is tired, the little one is placed on her hip, and there he holds on tenaciously with legs and arms.

At a certain stage of growth, African children are fed with *amasi*,—milk rendered sour by be-

ing kept in a calabash. Their mothers pour it down their throats, and then shake them, as if they were shaking down sugar in a paper bag, or milk in a bottle. The little ones seem to like the process, but to the onlooker it appears rather a violent way of feeding children.

An African mother is not very careful as regards her infant's state of cleanliness. A little black baby is not often sweet and fresh and inviting-looking, and the result is that the child's face is a favourite resting-place for flies. Eyes, nose, and head have usually a numerous train of these attendants, and they bring in their wake sore eyes, the commonest of all infantile disorders among native children. They are very scantily clothed. An old dress constitutes the wardrobe of tiny babies. As children grow a little older, a little shirt is their sole wearing garment, till they reach the age when they can toddle about. At that stage in their development they have progressed so far as to wear nothing at all.

The little children of the Reds, as the heathen are called, from the brick-red colour of their blankets and garments, lead a very simple life. The bright sunshine of their native land; the varying aspects and contrasts of the hills, rocks, and valleys of the country; their primitive method of living; the little round huts which they call home, and their very few wants,—all reflect on the child, and render him absolutely free from

care for a much longer period than the average white child.

Like other children, he has his playthings, but they partake of the nature of his country. The favourite amusement is clay modelling. The clay is dug out of a river bank, and beaten until it is one solid lump. Then pieces are broken off, and these are made into little oxen, waggons, horses, carts, pigs, goats, cows, pots, sledges, men,—in short, into everything and anything with which the little modellers are familiar. They will even make little clay villages, and then they inspan their clay oxen with little yokes, load their clay waggons with dust, and sell this dust in their own little clay villages, using, in such business transactions, clay money. Clay houses, in which to store their toys in order to protect them from the rain, are also built by them. Out of clay do their imaginations fashion the little child world that outlines the life of the villages.

The girls are especially careful of their dolls, which are usually formed of *mealie*, or maize, cobs, or pieces of sticks, and house them in little huts of their own making. Their dolls may have parties, as the dolls of more favoured children have, but the little black owners make their own tiny utensils for use on these occasions, out of the clay, which never fails to lend itself to their needs and wants. They are also very careful of themselves, and at a certain stage of girlhood they “preserve their complexions” from the effects of the noon-

day sun by smearing their faces with ochre. A girl with an ochred face is not a beauty. Girls are fond of weaving long grass into bracelets, necklets, mats, hats, baskets, and other things. Some boys also make these things very well. All these amusements are very popular with boys who spend their days herding cattle.

Almost all the children, but especially the boys, are clever at making little things with wood, using a knife as the only instrument to help them. They make little yokes, little waggons, and many neat little playthings, for themselves. At the Kimberley Exhibition in 1892 one of these tiny waggons, made by a heathen boy whose sole instrument in cutting and carving had been a knife, was shown, and attracted a great deal of attention. Sometimes a pumpkin, instead of wood, is used as the medium of which to make these toys. In America our pumpkin is called a squash, I believe. In some districts in Southeast Africa boys make a kind of piano, which is very primitive but musical, and is a never-failing source of amusement. Most African tribes sing in a monotone, but the Baronga, in Mozambique territory, have eight sounds which correspond to our octave, and their music, like ours, is made up of various combinations of these sounds.

Boys are very fond of playing at fencing with sticks. This is their favourite game. Sometimes a number of them will take sides, and play at fighting a battle. It is all fun, but to an on-

looker seems serious enough. They are fond of shooting with bows and arrows, which they make themselves. There is a top which is much used by little fellows. It is made of the fruit of a small green tree. A piece of stick is forced through the middle of this to make it spin. Many wonderful tricks can be played with this top. Children also play with beans. They take sides, about four on a side, and one side places its beans edgewise, so that they may stand up. The other side sits about four yards off, and each child lays his bean flat, and then flips at the beans of the opponents, trying to knock them down. Each plays in turn, and can aim at each of the opposite beans in turn if he knocks them down. If he miss, his turn is past. This game is like the European game of marbles.

Gole is another of their games. Something is hidden in the ground, but the children have a good idea where the hiding-place is. Sides are taken, and the fun is to try which side can dig it up first. Another strange game is called "the small bow of a lie." One boy has accused another boy of stealing, or lying, or some other offence, and the accused denies it. Then they "go to the fire," a sort of trial by ordeal to prove which is right. A small bow is placed among the ashes with the string of the bow uppermost. The boy accused tries to cut the string with his teeth. If his mouth gets covered with ashes, he is guilty. Some of the bigger boys play at "spearing."

They get a round log of wood, and let it roll slowly down a hill. While it is rolling they throw their spears or any other weapon with a sharp point, and try to make them stick fast in the rolling log. A piece of green tree is preferred, so that the toy spears can stick easily.

The younger children are very fond of playing with insects, especially with black beetles, and with the bones of dead oxen which they may find scattered about. It is wonderful what their ingenuity and imagination can contrive for them from these bleached bones. "Hide and seek" is popular, and boys love to pelt each other with lumps of hard earth. "Pop-gun" is also played, and is called "the battle of the pop-gun." The gun is made of a stalk of cassava hollowed out, and a stopper fixed into it. It has also a handle. The compressed air forces out the cork just like a pop-gun. The children get a bladder sometimes, and fill it with air, making it squeak as the air escapes, just as little white boys are fond of doing.

Boys and girls are all quite at home in the water, and love to swim and play in it. An amusing story is told about a number of boys, ages two to six, in the shirt stage of civilisation, who attended church one Sunday. The use of a shirt, and a shirt only, marks the first stage from heathenism. These boys, like their friends, had come to service to hear the news. They received them gladly. The preacher spoke upon a few

topics that morning, and very pointedly upon cleanliness. The youngsters heard, and were convinced of the error of their fathers' ways. After the service the small fry were seen making tracks, in Indian file, for the river. They drew near the teacher of the village school, and were asked, "Where are you going?" "Oh!" replied they, "we have been to church. We are now going to wash." Godliness came before cleanliness with these young folks.

Native children are fond of riding on calves and goats, and playing with these animals. Oxen are rather big for the children, who are on that account somewhat afraid of them. The boys, however, mount them, and run races. The wonder is that they do not break their necks when they are thrown; but an African's skull is thick, and Providence seems to watch over these dark-skinned children as it does over our own of paler shade, in their numerous hairbreadth escapades.

The African children are great imitators, and nothing gives them greater fun than imitating older people. They are born mimics. No one is free from their tricks. Girls are as expert as boys, and boys are generally "grimacing monkeys." It may be the witch-doctor they imitate, in which case the whole of a witch-doctor's work will be acted. One boy will be the sick person, another will send for the doctor, who will be a third child, and he will begin at once to "smell out" who has brought this

sickness to his friend, and so on. Or, they may play at what they will do as men and women. This power of imitating is very strong in all native children, and supplies them with plenty of amusement. When they grow up, their power of mimicking seems to increase. Boys and girls can "take off" older folks most amusingly, especially in the tones of the voice, but they generally do so in private. The boys, again, are very fond of snaring birds with traps and bird-lime. They eat them when caught.

The elders are fond of their children, and allow them great liberty. The little ones accompany their elders on all occasions, and enjoy themselves thoroughly. Native parents are, as a rule, however, very careless with regard to the upbringing of their children. Most of the little ones are left to grow up in any fashion. They do what others do, and have no clear ideas of right and wrong. They soon learn that lying or stealing is regarded as wrong only when the culprit is found out. If he had been clever enough to have hidden one wrong action by another, and thus avoided discovery, all would have been well,—nay, he might have been highly commended for cleverness. The little ones are thus early trained to deceive. But fortunately there is a better class of parents, who endeavour to teach their children to speak the truth always, to be open and honest, and, above all, to show respect and reverence towards their elders and superiors. These

are heathen natives who still possess some of the old, noble traits of the race, but their number is not large. What custom has created, to that the children must conform.

Punishments meted out to little delinquents are pretty much the same as white children get, except that they are apt to be more severe,—when they get them. Heathen parents are generally too easy-going and indolent to trouble much about their children's actions, whether right or wrong. But when once they are roused to a sense of their duty as regards correcting some fault, then they are likely to overdo their punishment. Sometimes a child may be "sent to bed," which is not a very heavy penalty to pay for a fault. Sometimes he is made to go without food for the greater part of a day, or for a whole day, but usually all questions are settled by beating the child with a stick. That is the most severe punishment, and is the commonest way of trying to put things right.

Life is all in the open air, and all, or nearly all, the native duties for both boys and girls can be accomplished out of doors. Girls are taught to grind corn, to make beer, to stamp mealies, to hoe, to reap, to cook, to wash, to carry loads on their heads, to draw water, to sew and bead their blankets, to serve the men at their gatherings, and the bigger girls help their mothers to thatch the hut and keep it in good repair. Truly, woman is the creator and upholder of native civ-

ilisation. The girls get plenty to do, but they begin so gradually that they do not feel it any hardship. Imitation, as we said before, is a strong feature in the make-up of a native, and the child begins to get into its life work and duties by mimicking her parents. A little girl goes with her mother to the river to draw water. She has a tiny bucket—usually a small tin can—to carry on her head, as her mother does. She fills it with water when her mother fills her big one, and trudges homeward well pleased; but it is too heavy for her little head and neck to carry far, so her mother carries it for her till she is rested a little, when she resumes her burden again for a very short distance. And thus with all other duties. They are begun in play, and, as the child grows older, play gradually gives place to real work. Upon the shoulders of women and girls, therefore, falls the heavy work of the field and the home.

Little boys are taught to herd lambs near their homes. Then they pass on to calves and goats and sheep, and, when they are about twelve years of age, they have reached the stage of attending to cows, oxen, and such large animals. They are taught where to look for the best pasture for their flocks, to water them, to milk the cows, and to attend to their charges generally. They are taught to ride, and many are good riders, as they learn first of all to ride bareback on the calves and goats, and even oxen, under their

charge. Then they are shown how to use bows and arrows, and how to fight with sticks,—an accomplishment which every native boy must possess. Fencing and fighting are necessary to a heathen boy's education, but, curiously enough, the use of the fists—a common accomplishment of European children—is foreign to them. While engaged in herding, these boys have plenty of time, which they often use by making hats, or baskets, or clay pots, by getting into mischief, by snaring birds, or by practising dances after the style of the clog-dancers. When they draw near manhood, they are initiated into various rites of the tribe, and begin to dress themselves carefully in native gala array.

These combined phases of native life are of the greatest interest to the anthropologist, but they contain elements of the deepest sadness to the missionary. But fifty years of mission labour have created great contrasts throughout the whole of Southeast Africa. The uncivilised native child lives in a world of which the civilised knows nothing and wishes to know nothing. Christianity is creating a gulf of sentiment and custom, of habit and life, so deep that heathenism cannot fathom it. What a contrast is seen every day, between the children of those who cling to the old life and of those who have embraced the new faith!

XXII

CHILD LIFE IN TELUGU LAND

By Annie H. Downie, of the American Baptist Telugu Mission

THE Telugu country is a triangular portion of southern India, bounded by Madras on the southeast, Chicacole on the northeast, and Hyderabad, in the Nizam's dominions, on the northwest. It contains about eighteen millions of people, the great majority speaking the Telugu language, but there are also many Tamils and a number of Mohammedans speaking Hindoostanee. The prevailing religion is Hindooism.

There are two great classes of Hindoo children, the caste and the outcaste. Among the caste children are Brahmins, the highest, and Sudras, the lowest, caste. To the superficial eye there does not seem much difference in the children. The babies are all carried on their mother's hips or on their father's shoulders. They are all unclothed until about seven years old. They tumble around in the dirt. The boys play marbles, flicking the marbles very ingeniously from

the middle finger of the left hand. They also play what passes for hopscotch, and other games very closely resembling ours; but, on the whole, the outcastes have the freest time. They are not restricted as to their food or their actions, and they grow up pretty much like weeds. Their parents are very fond of them, and indulge them even to the extent of sometimes putting tobacco or betel in their mouths because they cry for it. But while they are foolishly indulgent, they are also very passionate, and punish the children severely by beating them, twisting their ears, putting pepper in their eyes, or something else equally brutal.

When one enters a native village the children seem to swarm everywhere. The outcaste children are generally very dirty, with sore eyes, sores on their bodies, and wear a neglected air. Because of the poverty of the people, the parents and the older children must go out to work, and the younger children are left day by day to themselves. The little girls carry the babies around, and look after them as well as they can, while the little boys watch the cattle.

In the caste villages we meet with healthier types of children; for they have, as a rule, better food and cleaner surroundings. The caste babies are particularly cute. One day we came upon a pretty scene. Two women were sitting outside their dwelling. The elder woman held on her lap the daughter's first baby. Both were re-

garding the brown atom with the liveliest interest.

As we paused to speak to them, the grandmother held up the infant for us to see. It had on no clothes, but on its tiny finger there was a ring, and it had a bracelet on its arm. Later on there would be added a string of beads around its waist, with perhaps a silver heart-shaped ornament dangling in front.

As we looked at this baby we thought that, even in its short life, it had already felt the effects of the adherence to custom that so pre-eminently marks this people. "It is the custom," therefore the mother must have neither food nor water for three days, nor must the baby be bathed until then. Quite a ceremony attends that first bath. Some elderly relative takes the child, and, stretching out her feet, lays it between her ankles. It is then rubbed all over with soap-bark, and its mouth, nose, eyes, and ears are filled with a pungent oil, "to keep out the cold," and the other women look on composedly while the poor child screams and sometimes froths at the mouth. Then the woman, grasping the child by both feet, swings it back and forth, head down, a couple of times, "to make its body straight." Inserting two fingers into its mouth, she raises it up, with no other support. This is "to keep the roof of its mouth from falling in." Its nose is pressed and pulled, its head rubbed and moulded. Finally steaming

water is brought and poured over the child, almost parboiling it, and the bath finished with the administration of some hot spices, "to keep away cold, and soothe the child." Many babies do not survive their first bath. The wonder is that any do.

Boys are very welcome always, girls very rarely. In some places it is conceived good luck for the first child to be a girl; after that, no more are wanted. Many a girl baby in Brahmin households is quietly disposed of, we are told, and no one is the wiser except the father and the midwife. And if the father does not give his silent order, the women of the house often settle the matter by simply neglecting it. A curious case came under our own notice once. A lady visiting a caste house the second day after the advent of a weak, sickly-looking girl baby asked where it was. "There," was the careless reply of one of the women, pointing to a corner of the room. *There*, sure enough, was the child on the cold earth, covered with black ants. On the lady expostulating with the woman, she simply shrugged her shoulders, and said, "It is only a girl." And yet the girls that are loved enough to be allowed their lives, are much petted. They are adorned with all the jewels their parents can afford, and are allowed their own way in everything.

Brahmin children are married at a very early age, it being considered disgraceful for a girl to



IN TWILIGHT AND

go over nine years of age without a husband. If both parties are young, it does not matter so much, as both grow up together. But if a middle-aged or old man loses his wife, he must of necessity take a child, as there are no grown women single except widows, and they can never remarry. If the child-wife loses her husband, her head must be shaved, she can never wear bright clothes or jewels, cannot partake in the family festivities, and must fast regularly and often.

Brahmin and Comattie boys are little different from the other castes around them until they are about eight years old, when a very important ceremony takes place—the investiture of the sacred thread. A great feast is made, and, in the presence of the assembled guests, and with many incantations and offerings to the god, the priest of the family throws over the boy's left shoulder a twisted thread, which is to be worn to the day of his death. At the same time he whispers in his ear a word which is to be his talisman through life. The boy is then said to have been born the second time, and is entitled to all the caste distinctions belonging to the males of his class.

Brahmin boys have always begun to study very early, every caste village of any size having what is called a "pial school," held in some open verandah or in a shed on the public thoroughfare. Here the boys, under the guidance of some sleepy old Brahmin, sing out their lessons from

palm-leaf books, write with their fingers in the sand, and do sums on pieces of board blackened and utilised as slates. Within late years, government has pushed forward government schools; and, as the tuition under trained teachers is much more thorough, and the great aim of the rising generation is to gain some government position, the pial schools and their untrained teachers are disappearing.

It is a sign of civilisation that schools for caste girls are springing up all over the country, and are well attended. Formerly it was considered a disgrace for a girl to learn to read, because only the dancing girls, the prostitutes of the country, ever learned from books. Now, in the towns and large villages, even Brahmin parents can be found who are anxious for their wives and daughters to be educated, and often the man himself is their teacher.

Little girls in caste homes have few playthings, rough wooden dolls dressed in native style and rude representations of their gods being the principal ones. They play many games closely resembling games in vogue at home, such as tag, hunt the button, jackstones, etc. They are very fond of action songs, and have many curious ones, in which they move round to the music, working out intricate patterns, clapping their hands or knocking sticks together in perfect time. Some of them can plait ropes while keeping time to the singing,—a feat which resembles

the Maypole dance of England. Perhaps it was borrowed by English girls from their Indian sisters.

As the ability to cook well is their greatest accomplishment, caste girls are early instructed in native housekeeping. It is very interesting to see tiny girls with tiny pots and fireplaces preparing food like their older sisters or their mothers. As they grow older, they are taught the various ceremonies to be observed and the feasts to be kept. They must mark geometric figures in front of the door-step with powdered lime, and perform the daily worship to their household gods.

We cannot close this sketch without reference to a third class of children,—the Mohammedans. Among this class the majority of the girls are secluded at a very early age, and their lives are very bare and desolate. As few of them know how to read, they cannot amuse themselves with books; cooking the food, playing with dolls, and dressing each other's hair, being the only way they have of passing the time; and they know nothing of the outside world except what the men of the house choose to tell them. If they move from one village to another it is in a shut-up palanquin, or a closely curtained cart. Their barren lives leave an imprint on their faces, which have a mournful look. But the Mohammedan homes are opening to the zenana workers, and through them some joy is coming

into these dreary lives. May God speed the day when, all over this Telugu country, the closed doors will be opened and the inmates will have a chance to hear the blessed gospel and learn of the love of God in giving His blessed Son to die for them. To this end let us all sincerely pray.

XXIII

CHILD LIFE IN ALASKA

By Mary C. De Vore

THE infant of Alaska is much the same as the infant of any other land. A little hut is built of bark, boughs of evergreen trees, or boards, back of the home, some time before the arrival of the expected stranger. Here, on a bed of soft moss, the little one is found and cared for by his grandmother and other elderly women. Instead of being bathed, he is oiled and carefully wiped with the soft, silky moss, then wrapped in clothes made from the inner bark of trees or skins of animals, fish, or birds. He is now bound upon a *tuke*, which is a very thin board or something of slight stiffness. This is done deftly and carefully, and is supposed to strengthen the back. If one suffers from a weak back in mature life, it is attributed to the improper management of the *tuke*.

After all these arrangements have been completed, the little one is carried from the hut to the home where his father is anxiously awaiting him. The child is laid inside the house close by

the door, and ashes are sprinkled over him four times. This is done to keep off the evil spirits. If the ceremony were omitted, he could not prosper or grow. The little one is admired and petted. Endearing epithets are said to him and of him. If a little daughter, she is loved and nurtured; if a son, the pride of the parents and the joy is as great as it has been from the days of Holy Writ down to the present.

The naming of the baby is now in order, and this can only be done by the mother and her relatives. The woman in Alaska is the superior being. The child belongs to the mother's *totem*, or clan, and, if tribal war occurs, he fights on the mother's side. The father and mother belong to different and opposite *totems* and tribes. The little stranger is carried back and forth from the hut to the home for ten days, and, at the expiration of that time, the mother comes back to her home to stay.

The *tuke* is removed at the age of three months, usually. The child is well and tenderly cared for, and loved with deep affection. It is not kept very clean, according to our notions, and yet it grows, and is healthy and happy. As it grows older and stronger, it is still further strengthened by an immersion in the surf. I never knew of any fresh water being applied for the purpose of ablutions. Washing the face is a thing unheard of. Think of the tears thus spared to the aspiring Alaskan-American citizen! Yet, de-

spite the dirty face,—for it is really very dirty at times,—the little one is bright and handsome. He has a handsome head, covered with a mass of very black hair; the olive skin is clear and healthy; the eyes large, brilliant, and almond-shaped, like the Japanese, and the little body is well formed, and the little legs and arms as active and energetic as any baby's. As you look at the little one, you might think him a genuine Japanese, only that he is too large.

There are two grades of society among the people. We might call it caste, and term it high and low caste. The former is the ruling power; the latter, the common people. With the high caste the daughters are kept in the most careful manner. Indeed, before the advent of white people, death was the penalty for the slightest defecation from the code of morality,—which, among both classes, was very high. The little daughter does not play uncared for and alone. She is watched over and chaperoned even at the earliest age. Her brother has more liberties. He is playing by the water alone, sailing his miniature canoes, shooting with his primitive gun, imitating the notes of the birds, the voices of the different animals, dreams of going with his father and uncle to hunt the bear, the deer, the seal, the walrus, the sea otter, etc., or to get the mountain goat or sheep, from whose wool the mother (*clah*) will make new blankets for the household.

The little sister hugs to her breast the doll,

precisely like the Alaskan woman, dirty and greasy, too, from many loving embraces—but no kiss is ever bestowed on Miss Alaska, for that is a token of affection unknown among these people. They never kiss each other. And then a day comes when the relatives are assembled, and it is decided that this little boy has had too good a time. He has laughed and played the years away, and now he must be taught the sterner duties of life. His father and mother are too tender-hearted to execute this work, so he is turned over to the tender mercies of an uncle, usually the father's brother. This relative is of the opinion that he can now take a rest from the more active duties of life, and the sturdy, well-grown boy now assumes them, and, whether inclined or not, has to labour hard and long. The parents look on well satisfied. The little girl is growing too, and has a lover, though she does not know it,—rather, does not understand it. Her father and mother have arranged the matter, and there is nothing left for her to do, even if she wished, and she does not wish. Her intended mother-in-law has made gifts to her mother on the little lady's behalf, and it is all a settled thing—very securely settled. If anything should unsettle it, there would be a terrible war.

Now the years have passed, and this little girl is no longer considered in that light, but is almost, and perhaps quite, a young lady. It is nearly time for her marriage, and she must there-

fore be secluded from companionship, and have time to meditate upon the serious step she is about to take. She is therefore put into a dark place beside the house. No one but her mother is permitted to see her. She is given her food, and at night, when all are asleep, she is taken out by the mother for exercise, and returned to her silent and dark room again.

This goes on for some weeks, and then a day comes when the door is opened wide, and she is free to come out into the light of day, which, for a time, seems to blind her. Friends and acquaintances come in to meet her and greet her; childhood, girlhood, has passed. This is her *début*, and now all the arrangements are complete, and a wedding is to take place. The bride seems but a child to us. She is not very old; perhaps only twelve, or maybe thirteen, years have passed over her head. A great potlach (feast with gifts) is now taking place. The gifts are all bestowed, the great feast, with its dried fish, bear, seal, quantities of berries preserved in oil, and many other appetising and odorous as well as fishy viands, has been disposed of; and the father of the bride rises,—somewhat of an undertaking after the quantity of oil he has drunk in honour of the bride,—(no whiskey, no wine, in those days, my friends), and taking his daughter's little soft hand in his, for the first and the last time in his life, leads her to her lover, who has retired to the rear of the house, and sits

upon a mound of furs. Rising at the approach of his little bride, he stands while the father, transferring the hand of his daughter to that of her husband, says: "This was my daughter. By this act I make her your wife. As you treat her in the future, so will my life be happy or miserable. Now go to your home."

This, then, is the end of the girl's home life in her father's house. Her brother married in the same way, and the old life was perpetuated, and the homes were not unhappy, nor in any way immoral. They were savage homes, they were without Christ, yet, as is so often the case in savage lands, they were not, in the fullest sense of the word, degraded homes. They were, and, where the gospel has not reached, are, dirty, cheerless homes.

I have never known an Alaskan child to be punished by its parents, and have never known or seen an Alaskan child disobedient or disrespectful to its parents. Many of the old ways have gone since the advent of the Russian, and, lastly, of the American.

Many new and better lessons are being learned at the mission schools throughout the territory. In the olden time a new name was given to commemorate a deed of heroism, and now a new name is given when they enter the mission,—for they are anxious to become thorough "Boston" people. (The term "Boston" is applied to all Americans. They are evidently under the

impression that the United States is a universal Boston.) They will also plead for "some last name" just like Boston man or woman. It was a difficult matter to have the boys and girls sit together in the schoolroom or on the recitation benches when we first began co-education. The sexes had never mingled socially, and they considered themselves very much degraded in morals when asked to recite together. A mother's indignation was terrible to behold when a young man in the choir accidentally touched her daughter's shoulder. Such rage was visible in face and expression as to make the writer tremble with apprehension as the angry mother inquired if that was the way her daughter was guarded from insult and disgrace.

Would that we could have kept the old law or the people in this particular! "The Boston man's law not good law for our women" is the statement of the chief of the Sitka tribe.

XXIV

CHILD LIFE IN INNUITLAND

By the late Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka

IN the desolate north land, where the sun never rises very high above the horizon, although for a portion of the year it shines all day and nearly all night, while the rest of the time scarcely at all, there live many people, men and women, boys and girls, and though to us their land seems the most forbidding and forlorn part of the earth, they are one of the most happy and contented people I know of. Near the pole itself, where no white man has ever been, the country is said to be uninhabited, even animal life is said not to exist; but on the rim of the arctic circle, as it is called, sometimes a great distance from the seacoast, these Innuits, as the Eskimo call themselves, are found. The Inuit tribes are scattered all over arctic North America, Europe, and Asia, all speaking different languages. For almost two years I lived among a certain portion of these people, and it is my object to try and tell you something of the work and play of the children of that part of Innuitland.

My life, while in their cold country, was not passed in ships near their own homes, but, with my small party of three white men, I lived in their snow houses and tents, and we made their homes our homes, and in this manner became a part of the Eskimo or Innuit tribe. They gave us Eskimo names, and we shared their sports and amusements; and, in cases of famine and want, they even asked us to join in their religious ceremonies to avert the threatened dangers. The four white men in my party did not live in the same snow hut all the time, but, many of the months of the two years we passed in this way, we lived far apart from each other, in different houses of the different natives, which was done to make the people feel more kindly toward us. We made many long sledge journeys with their best hunters, and found many other Eskimo who had never before seen white men. Their little children played about us, and had no more fear of us than if we had been a few shades darker, and were really of their own race. And of these little ones, from babyhood up, I shall try and give a brief account as I found them.

When an Innuit or Eskimo mother makes the hood of her reindeer suit, she shapes it like a bag, so it hangs down her back, and is supported by her shoulders. This is really the home of the Eskimo baby until he can walk. When he gets too cold out of doors in the severe winter weather, which happens if the wind blows

hard, his mother takes him from the bag and puts him on her bare back under both her fur coats, where he is sure to be very warm. In winter, when out of doors, the Eskimo always wear two reindeer coats, and they protect them from the bitterest weather. If the baby is in his own home, he is almost always allowed to roll about, without any clothes on, upon the thick soft reindeer skins that cover the bed. When I tell you he lives in a house built of snow, and sleeps on a bed made of snow, and that the only possible means of warming this snow house is with a small lamp, shaped like a big clam-shell, in which moss is burned in seal or walrus oil for fuel,—for no wood can grow in the arctic region,—you will begin to see how much cold an Eskimo baby has to endure. If the little stone lamp gives out too much warmth, then the snow roof is liable to tumble in; so the home must always be kept a little below freezing.

If you have never seen the picture of an Eskimo *igloo*, or snow house, just imagine a dome-like pen, very much like the half of an egg in shape. This dome-like pen is built of blocks of extremely hard snow. They are laid on the ground in the shape of a circle, and this is continued around and around until the house is complete,—each course of blocks leaning in a trifle, when the last block is perfectly horizontal. Most of these houses of snow are made just high

enough to stand upright in. Sometimes, however, when these houses are built to live in for some time, they are made larger; but it must be remembered that the snow houses in winter serve them the same as tents do in summer—for not even an Eskimo could live in a tent in their bitter winter weather. The little doorway of the snow house is so low that one must get on his hands and knees to enter; and when the Innuits crawl through these low doors, they always pull the hood of the reindeer coat up over their heads to prevent the cold snow from these low doors rubbing down the back of their necks. Once inside the igloo, or snow house, there is just enough room to stand up in; for, on all sides, or, rather, around the whole interior, is built a high platform of snow, which not only forms the bed, but on which the lamp stands where the cooking is done.

A much smaller snow house is usually built in front of the igloo door to keep out the wind and cold; and this storm igloo, as it is called, is usually full of the Eskimo dogs, who crowd in to keep out of the bitter wind, although they will sleep out on the frozen snow in the coldest weather if they are well fed. You may wish to know what I mean by plenty to eat. You may think three meals a day none too much, as these dogs do all the hard work for the Eskimo. Yet, hard as it may seem, these dogs are only fed every other day, even when there is plenty, and,

as a rule, only about every third day; while, in times of great want, the length of time these poor animals will go without food really seems wonderful. I once had a team of nineteen fine fat dogs that were compelled to go seven days between meals for three consecutive feedings before we reached a point where we could give them more food; and, although they grew very thin, not one of them died of starvation, though they had dragged a heavy sledge through a very rough country.

About the first toy a mother makes her baby is a small whip, and as the puppies are allowed in the snow house, he will reach out with this and drive the puppies; then, as he grows older, he has a toy harness made for the young dogs, and thus he learns this important part of his education from his very infancy. By the time the baby has learned to walk, he has a suit of reindeer clothes made him, and he has also acquired the habit of handling the young dogs, and they are almost as well trained as the grown ones. In this way the little boys grow up to be good dog-drivers, and learn how to manage a team of dogs and a sledge under all circumstances. This is by far the hardest thing an Eskimo child has to learn, and also one of the most important.

The Eskimo children have but few toys, and yet they get a great amount of pleasure from the smallest trifles, so good-natured are they.

One of the toys they all play with is what we would call a "cup-ball." It is made of two pieces of walrus ivory, united by a string of reindeer sinew about six inches in length. The ivory pin is about as long as the forefinger, and one end is sharpened to about the size of a knitting-needle. The flat ivory piece, or "cup-ball," is bored full of holes, and the object of the game is to impale this piece of ivory on the sharp pin. Simple as this toy is, it requires some skill to make a number of successful points, which even the very little children play with great pleasure.

Another childish amusement is to take a musk-ox ladle, and partly fill it with soup, whirl it around upon a board or flat rock in the centre of a group of children, and the one to whom the handle of the cup points when it stops turning is the victor, and he gets the soup. Another game, called by them *Woo-glook-took*, is played by both men and boys. A piece of ivory, about as long as the forefinger, and maybe a little thicker, is pierced near the middle with holes running entirely through, and as thickly placed as can be; through each end a stout string is passed; one end holds it aloft, tied to some object, while the other is fastened to a heavy weight on the ground or floor. Some member of the party then puts up a prize, and the players stand in a circle around the ivory cylinder, and, armed with sharpened pieces of bone, try to place them in the holes in the ivory. Many of the little

Eskimo girls have dolls made of sealskin, with two round beads for eyes. They are dressed very much as they dress,—in reindeer skin. But the little girls of this cold country do not seem to care as much for their dolls as do those of a more temperate zone.

If an Eskimo boy wishes a sled to use coasting, he does not dream of asking for one made of wood, for that material is so scarce that even the sledges used by the men are not made of it. The boy goes to the nearest pond or river, and cuts one out of pure ice. These ice sleds are much stronger than you would imagine, and the boys can readily coast downhill on them without breaking them. Even grown people sometimes use these primitive sledges. Even though the Eskimo boy's sled is made of ice instead of wood, he is nearly as fond of coasting on it as are the boys in better climates but, as his winters are so much longer, he grows tired of the play before the season is over.

One sport of the boys is what we would call going "reindeer hunting." They place along the bottom of a hill a number of the antlers of the reindeer, stuck upright in the snow in such a manner that they can guide a sled between them. Then the boys gather at the top of the hill, each having two or three spears apiece, or even a bow and arrows. They all start down together, each boy trying to see how many antlers he can knock down and not be first at the bottom of the hill.

So the slower they go the better, and the more chances they stand for securing the antlers.

One of the first toys of the very small boys is a bow and arrow, and with these they continually practise on everything within range, the best targets being the noses of the hungry dogs, as they try to raid into the little snow houses to see what they can steal. The duty of feeding these dogs is often entrusted to the larger boys, and they sometimes build a semicircular wall of snow, and behind this they stand and cut up the tough walrus-hide into strips about an inch and a half thick and a foot to eighteen inches long. After a dog has swallowed about a dozen of these strips he does not want anything more for two or three days.

The oldest boys of a village have all sorts of hunting games,—musk-ox hunts, polar-bear hunts, and many others of like character, which, I fear, would take up too much time to describe here. In this way they fit themselves to become expert hunters by the time they become young men. In athletic sports these boys really excel, and a roll downhill is for them the greatest fun. They generally find a very steep hill, well covered with snow, and seat themselves on the ridge, thrust their heads between their legs, pass their clenched hands over their ankles, pressing their legs as closely against their bodies as possible. Thus they really become great balls covered with reindeer hair. And then away they go on the

downhill race, suddenly spreading themselves out at full length at the bottom of the hill. An amusement that requires a great deal of muscular strength is a peculiar kind of short race on the hands and feet, the legs and arms held perfectly rigid. It is quite exhausting, and they generally cover but two or three yards at a time. They have many similar ways of racing to toughen the muscles of both legs and feet.

A game played by the little girls and small boys is with a ball covered with sealskin, about the size of a baseball, and filled two-thirds with sand; and the singular sliding way it has makes it quite difficult to catch and retain in the hands. The game is a very simple one, and the players strike at the ball with the open palm of the hand; and when there is a crowd they try to keep the ball constantly in the air.

They also have many interesting games with the bow and arrow. Eskimo and Indians, and other savage tribes who are skilled in the use of the bow and arrow, can shoot an arrow so it will go sidewise. This is their method of shooting when trying to hit a descending arrow, or one sticking upright in the ground. Another Eskimo amusement resembles the Indian game of lacrosse.

You must not imagine that the whole of the Eskimo child's life is passed in play, or even in play-games that instruct them in the graver duties of life; for in common with the children of

workers the world over, the little Eskimo girl and boy must take their share in the family toil. The little girls begin early in life to make coats and garments of reindeer skin, having learned the art in dressing their dolls. When the men are building their snow houses, the boys take a great flat shovel, made either of strips of bone lashed together or pieces of driftwood, and follow after them, throwing the loose snow against the side of the snow house, to protect it from the cold; and they are also expected to chink all the cracks in the joints of the snow blocks. In the morning, when the dogs are needed for the day's work, the boys have to scamper about with the harnesses in their hands to catch them. Sometimes this is no easy work, for it often happens some particular dog takes delight in giving his captors all the trouble he can. Sometimes, when the weather is foggy, and the hunters cannot see far ahead, they then take the best trained hunting dogs in charge of one or more of the young boys; and this they regard as the greatest sport of all, while the instruction is such that they soon become good hunters.

A duty that always falls to the boys when going into camp, is to dig a hole through the ice for fresh water; and this hole is generally about a foot and a half across, and all the way from four to ten feet in depth. The boys try to find a place on the ice where the snow has drifted, for there it is generally thinner; and they

find it easier to shovel off the snow than dig through the thick ice. Sometimes they find a crack in the ice, which aids them greatly in their work. When the boys have dug down to the water, they have their fish-lines in readiness, and in the lakes and rivers always find an abundant supply of fine salmon. If a lake is well stocked with fish, they will often camp a number of days on its banks, and then every boy and girl in camp is busy catching salmon. But this is not the only way Eskimo boys and girls fish. In the spring, about the middle of our summer time, when the ice is breaking up in their rivers, they catch fish in great quantities at the rapids, and store them away for use in winter. When the fish are very abundant at these places, they stand in the water on some projecting rock, and impale the fish on spears as they swim by.

In the fall, when the winter's supply of reindeer has been killed, it is the business of the young girls to assist the women in preparing the skins for clothes and bedding. These skins have to be scraped and pounded until they are soft and pliable, before they can be made into clothes. Then the sewing of them is really quite difficult. This work, combined with many household duties, such as the preparation of food, bringing the snow for melting if there are no ice wells, and the hundred and one little domestic matters that go to make living even in this cold country endurable, keeps the girls quite

busy through the short days of winter and the long ones of summer. On my long sledge journey of nearly a year through the bitter arctic winter there were four little Eskimo children in the party, and the work and play of these four children alone would make quite a book.

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